

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

VOL. IV.]

SEPTEMBER, 1840.

[No. 21.]

MOHAMMAD ALEE, AND THE AFFAIRS OF THE EAST.*

NOTWITHSTANDING that we last month gave in our Monthly Crypt a current notice of Mr. Wilde's excellent work, in connexion with the past and present state of Egypt and the Holy Land;—the affairs of Syria, the threatened rupture of France and England, and the equivocal dealings of Lord Palmerston with the Russian emperor, induce us to take up these volumes again, as our text, not only for an article in chief, but our leading paper. Many a long year hath passed, since Egypt and the Holy Land were ranked among the mighty nations of the earth—since they were the residences of art, science, and civilization. Yet have they still been interesting to the Christian, as the scenes upon which were enacted the events related in holy writ: and Palestine, in particular, has been hallowed by the sufferings, the agonies, and the death of our Redeemer. The Christian cannot help regarding them, as countries which have been especially consecrated to the service of the Most High; and which by Him are destined, despite their present debasement, to hold a prominent place in the world's future history. We are ever interested in the traveller's tale, speak he of whatever nation he may; but when he discourses of these climes, his theme hath more power to bind our attention, than had the witch's slender thread to enthrall the limbs of Thalaba.

Yes! Palestine is a land dear to both Jew and Christian;—dear to the one because it was once the seat of his people's splendour and power, and dear to the other, as the birth-place of the Messiah. The one considers it as an heritage reft from its rightful heirs—as a lost possession—as a deserted father-land; but the other regards it as sacred ground, yet to be reclaimed from its destroyers by the Lord! The one weeps over the ruins of its glory—the other joys over prospects of brighter days still to come. The one images the daughter of Jerusalem drooping under the weight of affliction—the other beholds

* Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira, Teneriffe, and along the Shores of the Mediterranean, including a Visit to Algiers, Egypt, Palestine, Tyre, Rhodes, Telmessus, Cyprus, and Greece; with Observations on the Present State and Prospects of Egypt and Palestine, and on the Climate, Natural History, Antiquities, &c. of the Countries visited. By W. R. WILDE, M.B.S.A., &c. &c. 2 vols. Dublin: Curry, 1840.

her casting away her sackcloth, and bedecking herself with garments of gladness.

Lately these countries have assumed a position, which imperatively demands our attention. Egypt is no longer the barbarous land she was fifty years ago; but has attained an importance, as wonderful as unexpected. In 1785, we find Volney, when in one of his walks he saw, under the walls of Alexandria, two wretches sitting on the dead carcase of a camel, and disputing the possession of its putrid fragments, exclaiming, "I am above all, led to believe that *Egypt can never throw off this yoke.*" That intelligent traveller considered the case of Egypt to be hopeless; and certainly to such a degree of degradation had she fallen, that to have prophesied her regeneration would have seemed madness. Nothing can better show the lamentable state into which she had sunk, than a short outline of her history since the death of the famous Cleopatra.

At her death, of course, her kingdom became a Roman province: and while under their dominion embraced Christianity. It remained attached to the Roman empire until the reign of Heraclius, the Emperor of Constantinople, when the people being disgusted with their governors, called in Omar, the third Caliph of the Saracens, and submitted themselves to the Mahometan power, A.D. 640. The Caliphs of Babylon continued to rule Egypt until about the year 870; at which period the Egyptians set up a caliph of their own, called the Caliph of Cairo, to whom the Saracens of Africa and Spain were subject; but the governors or sultans of the provinces, soon wrested the civil power out of the hands of the Caliphs both of Babylon and Cairo, leaving them only a shadow of authority.

About the year 1160, Assareddin, the general of Norradin, the Sultan of Damascus, subdued Egypt and usurped its dominion. He was succeeded by his son Saladin, who reduced also the kingdoms of Damascus, Mesopotamia and Palestine under his power, and about the year 1190, took Jerusalem from the Christians. Struck with the fine athletic forms and fair complexions of his Christian captives, this prince established a band of troops like the late Turkish Janizaries, composed of Christians taken in war, or purchased of the Tartars; to whom he gave the name of Memlooks or military slaves: a title highly esteemed among Mahometan princes, as it declares its possessors to be devoted in a peculiar manner to the service of their sovereign; in consequence of which higher privileges are conferred upon them than upon other subjects. These Memlooks became, in time, too strong for their masters, and in the year 1242, usurped the supreme authority, deposed Elmutan, and set one of their own officers upon the throne. Thus arose a new dynasty, known as Egyptian Sultans; and under them, Egypt sunk lower and lower into every kind of debasement. These Memlook sovereigns were a set of tyrants, few of whom died otherwise than by the bowstring, poison, or the sword, and so quickly did they follow one another, that forty-seven of them are enumerated in the space of 257 years. Nevertheless they began apparently with some little vigour, being engaged in continual wars with the Christians in Syria and Palestine, until Araphus the sixth Sultan entirely dispossessed the Christians of the Holy Land, A.D. 1291. The

ninth Sultan, Melechnassor, likewise subdued the island of Cyprus, and made it tributary to Egypt, A.D. 1423.

One of these Sultans, by name Campson Gaurus, entered into an alliance about the year 1501, with Ismael the Sophy of Persia, against Selimus the third Emperor and tenth King of the Ottoman family. Several considerable battles ensued, in which the two confederate princes were defeated. Tonombeius II., who succeeded Campson Gaurus, was deposed and murdered by Selimus, and, according to some accounts, hanged up at one of the gates of Cairo. Gazelle, one of the Memlook grandees, maintained a war for some time against Selimus; but in the year 1517, the Ottomans overcame all resistance, and Egypt was finally annexed to the Ottoman empire.

Still the Memlooks, if subdued, were not destroyed; and although the Ottoman Emperors appointed a Viceroy, styled the Pacha of Grand Cairo, to rule Egypt in their names, the Memlook beys remained possessed of their several petty governments. By this time the total prostration of Egypt was complete; for, in the expressive words of Scripture, it was a land without a prince—the prey of a multiplicity of petty tyrants. Each of the Memlook beys possessed sovereign power in his own district, and what with their quarrels, their cabals, their civil broils, and their extortion, the people under their sway became a disgrace to human nature. The Pacha, as the Turkish empire gradually declined, became too weak efficiently to curb them, even if he had the will; and if sometimes he did take upon himself to depose or behead one of them, they would as often depose the Pacha, and oblige the Porte to send another more acceptable to them; while the Grand Seigneur, rather than hazard a revolt, invariably yielded to their demands. The common people were without commerce—without arts; the most simple of which were in a state of infancy. “Every thing,” said Volney (in 1785), “the traveller sees, reminds him that he is in the country of slavery and tyranny. Nothing is talked of but intestine dissensions, the public misery, pecuniary extortions, bastinadoes, and murders. There is no security for life or property. The blood of men is shed like that of the vilest animals. Justice, herself, puts to death without formality. The officer of the night in his rounds, and the officer of the day in his circuit, judge, condemn, and execute in the twinkling of an eye without appeal. Executioners attend them; and on the first signal, the head of the unhappy victim falls into the leathern bag, in which it is received for fear of soiling the place. Were even the appearance of criminality necessary to expose to the danger of punishment this would be tolerable; but frequently without any other reason than the avarice of a powerful chief, or the information of an enemy, a man is summoned before some bey, on suspicion of having money. A sum is demanded from him, and if he denies that he possesses it, he is thrown on his back, and receives two or three hundred blows on the soles of his feet, nay, sometimes is put to death. Unfortunate is he, who is suspected of being in easy circumstances! A hundred spies are every moment ready to accuse him, and it is only by assuming the appearance of poverty that he can hope to escape the rapaciousness of power.” It is almost impossible that any nation could be more enthralled, than this intelligent author describes Egypt, in the

above passage, to have been in his time. Can we, therefore, be surprised that he considered her redemption hopeless?

Hopeless, indeed, was she! But though near expiring, she was not dead. There still remained some stray sparks of her ancient fire, which all the foregoing accumulation of misery was not able entirely to extinguish. There still remained in her the germs of a resurrection. As in many other cases, the one thing needful was THE MAN OF GENIUS who should have the will, the strength, and the power to deliver her from her thralldom.

Who can fail to remark, in the above historic details, a continued decay—a continued declension from bad to worse? Oppressed by their Christian governors, they threw themselves into the hands of barbarians; and at last became a land ruled by strangers and by slaves; for every Memlook, who ruled in Egypt during the whole of that long period, was born in a distant land—sold as a slave, and adopted to fill the place of one who, too proud to marry with the natives, had no successor by the wives introduced from the slave markets of Constantinople. “Many have been the causes,” says Mr. Wilde, “brought forward from ancient writers to account for this; but it has been forgotten that the land was to be ‘*wasted by the hand of strangers.*’”

Mr. Wilde has shown very satisfactorily in his masterly work, that the prophecies against Egypt have been literally fulfilled. Ezekiel declares,* that her land shall be desolate in the midst of the countries that are desolate—and her cities in the midst of cities that are wasted—that it shall be a base kingdom, even the basest of kingdoms. And in another place he hath these words: “And I will make the rivers dry, and sell the land into the hand of the wicked; and I will make the land waste, and all that is therein by the hand of *strangers*: I the Lord have spoken it.”† “Was ever prophetic language,” says Mr. Wilde, “more literally fulfilled; yea, in the full force of each and every jot and tittle? For centuries was this fertile land laid waste, and governed by *strangers*; without a sceptre and without a prince. Desolate herself by reason of her bad government and want of cultivation, in the midst of the vast desert by which she is surrounded; with her cities many of them rising out of, and formed by the very materials and rubbish gathered from the ruins of the ancient cities; and with the Arab huts and villages erected within the walls, and upon the very roofs of some of her most stately temples and edifices. And *base*, because debased by crimes that make man blush for his fellow, as utterly disgraceful to humanity; and lead us to wonder how man’s form could have clothed the spirits of wretches such as then possessed the country.”

But Egypt was not to remain thus for ever; her regeneration from all her distress was appointed. Has it yet commenced? We think it has.

The nation was, at the beginning of the present century, in its very *acmé* of desolation. Not only had it to bear the increasing broils and extortion of its own masters, but became in addition the theatre of war between France and England. Upon the removal of the

* Chap. xxix.

† Chap. xxx. v. 12.

armies, however, in the early part of 1803, something like peace ensued, and the Albanians and Memlooks combined against the Turkish power, in which, it is said, they were assisted by the emissaries of Napoleon. During the two following years nothing but anarchy and confusion prevailed; and so far were the arts of peace neglected, that the produce of the richest country in the world was incompetent for its own support. Certainly, at that time, its regeneration appeared farther off than ever.

When things get at their worst they must mend, is a proverb which has been repeated a thousand times, and has as often proved true. It was even at this period, when every thing seemed to be hopeless, that relief came from a quarter, where it was least expected. A poor Albanian soldier, of obscure origin, conceived the bold idea of settling the troubles of this country, and reducing it to a regular and efficient government. And the means he adopted to carry his idea into execution, were even bolder than the idea itself. Breaking through all the prejudices of Mahomedanism—despising its restrictions, and disregarding its precepts, he determined to effect his object by introducing into Egypt the arts, the sciences, the commerce, the tactics, and the customs of the different European Christian nations. To accomplish this, he had to overcome obstacles, which others would have considered insurmountable—he had to combat the prejudices of ages, and to contend against the insolence of power; and that, with means the most inadequate, and contemptible. Yet by him was the good work accomplished.

Mohammad Alee, the present Viceroy of Egypt, at the time the French landed, had a contingent of 300 men placed under his command with the title of Bin-Bousha. In this capacity he behaved with such gallantry, that the Capitan Pacha advanced him to the command of a party, who were to attack a fort in which the French had posted themselves. He was successful; but being afterwards employed against the Memlooks, his good fortune deserted him, and he was severely censured by the then Viceroy, for his presumed neglect or treachery. However Mohammad Alee managed to keep the Pacha from taking any active measures against him; until, having entered into an alliance with Taher Pacha and the Albanians, he expelled the Viceroy from Grand Cairo. Taher then arrogated to himself the supreme power, and thinking to strengthen himself, invited the Memlooks to the capital; but becoming obnoxious to the Turks, he was by them murdered. Mohammad, who had now attained considerable influence, played his cards so well, that Taher's successor soon became very unpopular, and the people clamoured for their favourite to assume the vicerealty. The Sublime Porte found it expedient to gratify them, and accordingly Mohammad Alee was created a pacha of three tails, and ruler of Egypt.

Mohammad Alee had thus obtained his heart's desire; and would have immediately set about the execution of the several schemes he had formed, if he had not found himself opposed by the Memlooks. Unwilling to have his good designs frustrated, and doubtful of the result of an appeal to arms, (for the power of the Memlooks was equivalent, if not superior to that of the new Viceroy,) he determined to destroy

these destroyers by treachery. This is a deed, which has been canvassed over and over again; but all must admit that its perpetration will leave an indelible stain on the memory of this great reformer. True, while they existed, Egypt could never have advanced out of barbarity, or have taken one step in civilization, but we apprehend that a possible good can never justify a *positive* crime. That their downfall, however, has been beneficial to Egypt, subsequent experience has proved; for the land that under their dominion was a nest of savages, has since become an abiding place for science and refinement. From this period arose her power, and, as Mr. Wilde remarks, "the tide of learning that once swept over the land, and too long had ebbed, exposing the filth and offal of its degenerate condition, has turned, and the sullen roar of its measured swell is already heard, chasing from its ancient shores those unclean beasts, which for centuries wallowed in its polluted mire."

"One of the first acts of Mohammad Alee," continues Mr. Wilde, "was to invite artizans and manufacturers to come and settle in the country; and he shortly afterwards procured engineers from several countries of Europe, to explore the different parts of his dominions. But he did a greater work than even this—he sent, at the expense of the state, a number of Egyptian boys to Europe to be instructed in the different arts and sciences, many of whom were educated in British universities, and are now teachers in their own. He caused a vast number of his people to be collected and instructed in the different trades necessary to more accomplished nations. He erected dock-yards, arsenals, and manufactories, that have not only given *employment* but *trades* to many thousands that heretofore knew but the handling of a mattock or a yathagan. Not contented with having educated them in other countries, he erected and endowed polytechnic and military schools, with colleges of law, physic, divinity, and belles-lettres; in these he clothes, maintains, and *pays* several hundred boys, though such had, at first, to be dragged by the kidnapping conscription officers from the filth of mud hovels, the raggedness of a torn blue shirt, the pains of hunger, or the fare of bad beans and dowrah bread, and the more pleasing task of raising water in a bucket from the Nile, and remaining in a state of the most blissful ignorance, to receive the blessings of education."

The following is a brief summary of *some* of the labours of Mohamed Alee in Egypt:—

"In the naval college there are 1,200 pupils; in the military, 1,400; in the Eugeun, 100; in the veterinary hospital and school, 150; also a school of music; and, in addition to the several institutions and factories that I have mentioned in the current remarks, I may add, 1,000 men in the taboush manufactory at Formah; printing establishments, and paper mills at Boolac; sugar manufactories; chemical works for salt-petre and chloride of lime at Old Cairo; powder manufactory, and pyrotechnic schools, power loom, calico printing, dyeing, bleaching, and woollen cloth manufactories, copper mills, glass works, brass and iron foundries," &c. &c.

And all this has been effected by a man, who, it is said, at the age of thirty could not sign his own name!

Most wonderful has been the career of Mohammad Alee; and whatever opinions may be entertained concerning his moral character, or the right he has to the rule of Egypt,* all must concede him to be a man of the most mighty and original powers of mind. His general conduct has been of a fearless care-for-nought character. Knowing that he had taken an almost desperate task in hand, he appears to have determined to "go through thick and thin," until he had accomplished it, thinking, most likely, that the end justified the means—a dangerous fallacy which easily obtains too fast a hold on the ambitious mind.

Mr. Wilde seems inclined to think, that these achievements of Mohammed Alee, are but the dawning of that bright day which Scripture promises to Egypt after the measure of her punishment is fulfilled. In Isaiah do we find this cheering promise: "And it shall be for a sign, and for a witness unto the Lord of Hosts in the land of Egypt, for they shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them. And the Lord shall be known to the Egyptians, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord in that day, and shall do sacrifice and oblation; yea, they shall vow a vow unto the Lord and perform it. And the Lord shall smite Egypt; he shall smite and heal it: and they shall return even to the Lord, and he shall be entreated of them, and shall heal them."† That much of this prophecy remains to be performed is obvious; but that a man like Mohammad Alee should be raised for nothing, would not be in analogy with the righteous dispensations of Divine Providence. That he has rescued Egypt from her oppressors is evident, and he may be the great saviour, or his progenitor, promised to Egypt in the above quotation—we can see no reason that he should not be so. Yet it must be remembered, that this kind of prospective interpretation is, at the best, very hazardous, and should be entered into with caution. Let us continue in faith and hope, and time will proclaim its own secrets.

Our own private opinion is, that prophecies are eternal things, in which is dimly prefigured every GREAT EVENT that shall happen until time shall cease. We mean not to say, that in them you may find all the wars and bickerings of rival states foretold; but that the great changes—the great epochs of man's progress, spiritual and physical, are therein indicated: and that much in them, which is now to us unintelligible, will, in the fulness of time, be made clear by a gradual accomplishment. But let not man presumptuously put himself in the place of the Deity, and while he yet sees through a "glass darkly," prematurely ascribe a meaning. He cannot but err, and in such a case how dangerous is error!—

"God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

On the justice or injustice of the Syrian war, it is needless at this time of day to dwell. The tyranny of Abdallah the Pacha of Acre,

* That right, it must be confessed, is only the right conferred by the strong arm of power.

† Isaiah, chap. xix. 20, 21, 22.

and his monstrous ingratitude to Mohammad, in some measure, at least, extenuates the Egyptian ruler. With its result, all are acquainted; and it is only the interference of the European powers, that prevents Alee from wresting Constantinople itself out of the possession of the descendant of Othman. Concerning his claims to independence, likewise, we shall here be mute. Providence will declare in its own manner, whether in this and other important relations, he be the man of destiny.

By reason of his conquest of Syria, the Holy Land is now under the dominion of Mohammad Alee, and it has shared, in some degree, the beneficial effects of his rule. Most miserable was its condition until it fell into his hands. Perhaps no country was ever situated so unluckily with regard to her political relations as Palestine. Ever since the birth of Christ, she has been the scene of contention; and accordingly so much has cultivation been neglected, and so slothful are the inhabitants, that, in some measure, the chosen land has lost its ancient character for fertility. We are well acquainted with the sneer of Voltaire, who, judging of its ancient state by what it was in his time, declared he would not accept the Jew's so called land of milk and honey, if the Grand Signor offered it to him as a present.* Many causes have conspired to effect this hapless consummation; but the chief of them, is the energy-freezing, indolent policy of the Turks, which ever sends a blight over industry and prosperity—a system of fatalism loading providence with labour upon labour, until there is nothing left for man to do; unless it is to receive those blessings, for which, it would seem, he is so unwilling to labour. As in Egypt, so was it in Palestine—every thing appeared to declare war against the happiness of its inhabitants. The surrounding deserts were peopled by hordes of Arabs, who were continually, without obstruction, making incursions in the hope of obtaining plunder; while the tyranny of the Turkish Pachas deprived the poor husbandman of the produce of his labours. Aware of the uncertain tenure by which they held their power, the governors made the most of the golden opportunities for extortion, afforded by the possession of their brief authority; and thus imposition rode rampant over the land, and justice was sold to the highest bidder.

* This sneer, however, was both spiteful and undeserved; for, although we must admit that the present state of Palestine hardly consists with its ancient fertility, so excellent would the soil appear to be, and so ample its natural resources, that Canaan may still be characterised as a land overflowing with milk and honey. Its pastures are extensive; and the rocky country is covered with aromatic plants, which afford the bees, who take up their habitation in the hollows of the rocks, such a quantity of wild honey, that the poorer classes use it for food. Dates abound in the most arid districts; and if to all these we add olive oil, so essential to an oriental, the ancient fertility of the country, when it was fully cultivated, and its inhabitants prosperous, is easily accounted for. "Those who exclaim," says Mr. Wilde, "against the unfertility and barrenness of this country, should recollect, that want of cultivation gives it much of the sterile and barren appearance which it now presents to the traveller. The plough in use in that country is one of the rudest instruments of any implements of the kind I have seen. It resembles the ancient Egyptian plough, and does little more than scratch the soil, making a furrow scarcely three inches in depth."

Now, however, the chosen land is in a much better state. Ibrahim Pacha, the step-son of Alee, has given protection to life and property; and where, heretofore, it required bribes, promises, and force of arms to obtain a passage, the traveller can now pass with ease and security. Indeed the very name of Ibrahim is sufficient to keep the lawless robbers in awe, who used to infest the country. This is an improvement, and a great one.

The speculations of Mr. Wilde, concerning the restoration of the Jews and Jerusalem, are interesting, as such inquiries must ever be to the Christian. That both are ultimately to be restored, from the plain and unequivocal language of Scripture, will not admit of a doubt. Taking the vision of Ezekiel, contained in the fortieth and ensuing chapters of that prophet's book for his authority, he proceeds to define the topography of the restored city. This had been before done by Mr. Fry, in his "second advent;" but that gentleman never having visited Jerusalem, and the maps he consulted proving erroneous, his work was susceptible of amendment.

Well aware are we that many in this case would exclude a literal in favour of a mystical meaning; but this we think cannot be done without great violence to the text. Doubtless the restoration of the Jews is symbolical of man's return to his original purity: yet, in such a case, the symbol to be a symbol must be literally executed—the Jews must be literally restored. Let any one read the chapters above referred to, and then say what can be their mystical meaning, if they have not also a literal one? "What exclusive spiritual import or meaning," asks Mr. Wilde, "could there be in the gates, the hills, the valleys, brooks, and wine-presses, described by the prophet? What mystical or symbolical meaning can possibly be attached to the courts, the gates, the pavements, the porches, the chambers, the houses, altars, arches, palm-trees, and decorations spoken of, and minutely described in the vision to the Babylonish captive?" The meaning of all prophecies is two-fold—sensuous and spiritual; and they will be fulfilled in a like two-fold manner. And why? Because the sensuous is never more than a type of the spiritual. Every physical advancement is attended with—nay, initiated by a corresponding moral progression. Here may the two opinions be reconciled; for both are equally true. Nevertheless, it would appear, that some few passages of prophecy relate solely to the symbol, as others seem to deal abstractedly with the thing signified. But this is a theme much too sacred to be thus lightly or flippantly touched upon.

It is impossible for us here to follow Mr. Wilde's talented investigations into this subject—the will is present, but the power is denied us. Some few general remarks made, *en passant*, as we proceed in the other portions of our theme, are all that we can afford.

If there is one place in the Holy Land excitive of more intense reverence than another, it is the reputed sepulchre of our Lord. Whether it is the true one or not, is a matter which will ever be disputed; although, as we have previously said, we think the tradition of so many centuries is entitled to much respect and credit. "It is extremely unlikely," remarks Mr. Wilde, "that while the tombs of other friends would be visited, revered, wept over, and strewn with

flowers, as has ever been the case in a country where peculiar veneration is paid to the mausoleums of relatives, the place hallowed as the depository of the body of our Saviour would be forgotten or neglected by his disciples, or earthly relatives and friends; or that this tomb would, in a short time, become unknown to the early Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem. Surely, then, such a tradition would be transmitted, for at least three hundred years." * * * "Though no person can positively state that what are now pointed out as Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, are the actual places, yet, to the present moment, no sufficient proof to the contrary has been offered." However, not a remnant of the original sepulchre can now be found, and as Dr. Clarke observes, "If Helena had reason to believe she could identify the spot where the sepulchre was, she took especial care to remove every trace of it, in order to introduce the fanciful and modern work which now remains."

Dismissing this endless question, let us accompany our author in his first visit to the sacred spot. Our extract will be long, but we trust far from tedious :

"The first evening," writes Mr. Wilde, "that we visited the church it was densely crowded, and when the different processions were going their rounds through the building, and during the performance of the religious ceremonies, our attention was so occupied by the multitude of objects which were presented to our notice, that there was little time for reflection; but when we returned to the hall of the sepulchre, after having seen all the curiosities of the place, we found the crowd so much diminished, that we were enabled more minutely to observe what was going forward, and also to see some of the effects which the whole scene was calculated to produce. Several young Egyptian soldiers had collected round the door of the Holy Sepulchre, and were acting in a most disgraceful and indecent manner, pushing each other, and running in and out of the tomb by way of amusement. I confess I felt, in common with my companions, at this moment, some of the spirit of the crusaders rise within me, and was half inclined to inflict summary chastisement on the wanton intruders. Yet, on considering the matter, I saw that the conduct of these ignorant people was not to be wondered at, when I reflected that they had just been relieved from keeping guard at the outer door, where they had been stationed for the purpose of preserving order among the Christians, whose reverence for this spot should produce decorum of conduct; yet they daily witness acts of violence and desecration among the very priests themselves. Alas! but too often is this very sepulchre not only the scene of deceit and extortion, but frequently of confusion, strife, and bloodshed. About a fortnight previous to our visit to Jerusalem, an altercation took place within the walls of the actual sepulchre, between a Greek and Armenian priest, for precedence; high words were followed by heavy blows, a furious scuffle ensued, and the white marble covering of what these men believe to be the grave of the Prince of Peace was stained with the blood of men calling themselves his ministers, professing to teach his doctrine, and to walk in his footsteps. Both of these priests were instantly conducted before the Kadee, who fined their convents severely for this violation of the public peace; for

the Kadees, and other officials, are always glad of an opportunity of inflicting a heavy fine on the convents for the misconduct of any of their members.

“With the recollection of similar acts, and with the scene such as I have described passing around me, I could not avoid asking myself, as I stood at the door of the sepulchre, is this the object for which a continent rose in arms, nations sent forth the flower of their population, monarchs deserted their thrones and kingdoms, whole countries rushed forward to the battle-field at the beck of an ignorant and fanatic monk,* and thousands upon thousands shed their blood, and converted the plains and valleys of Palestine into an Aceldama; where war, famine, pestilence, and destruction, so long desolated so large a portion of the world? Many as were the engrossing topics that rushed upon my remembrance, and many as were the striking objects around me, my thoughts still wandered to the preaching of the hermit when he roused the warriors of Europe to arms, and led that rabble horde of sixty thousand, of all ages and of all sexes, across the plains of Hungary and Bulgaria, who abandoning their homes, and throwing aside the peaceful instruments of husbandry, ran forward, seized with that unaccountable spirit of fanaticism which the eloquence of Peter infused into their uncivilized minds. I thought, too, of the orders of saintly warriors and chivalrous churchmen, the Hospitallers and Templars, that were instituted in this land, for the purpose of guarding this sacred spot, which became not only the object of the pilgrim’s veneration, but the very nursing mother of chivalry.

“The view from the gallery of the building is most exciting, and on looking down on the moving mass of human beings below, I was forcibly reminded of the scene that the court of Solomon’s Temple must have presented when the different tribes and nations who, from the various parts of the world, came up to worship at Jerusalem, were assembled within its sacred walls. I scarcely knew upon what object to rest my eye, so strange and varied was the costume of the crowd assembled beneath. The diversity of language, the flaunting of the silken banners that slowly moved to and fro from the top of the sepulchral dome, the gaudy pictures of the Greeks, the waving of censers, and the perfume of incense—the crowds of devoted pilgrims, some in attitudes of deep emotion round each sacred spot; the turbaned Greek; the high capped Persian; the shaggy coat of the Muscovite or the Siberian; the long beard, and dark down-cast visage of the despised Copt; the dresses of the different ecclesiastics; the mitred abbot, the venerable patriarch, and the cord-girt friar, shall never fade from my memory. But when to these I add the scenes that took place upon some of the succeeding days that are considered more important and sacred, when the devotees joined full chorus, though, to speak correctly, it was any thing but chorus or harmony, the effect was indescribable. Then, the organ of the Latins in full play, and the measured chaunt of their hymns rose from the vaults beneath, and with the loud nasal twanging

* We think in applying these terms to Peter, Mr. Wilde has allowed himself too great latitude. A man who could do all this, might be an enthusiast, but certainly cannot with justice be called “ignorant and fanatic.”

of the Greeks; the low drums and timbrels of the Armenians; the low plaintive murmuring of the Copts; the groans of the devout pilgrims that issued forth from Calvary; the glimmering of lamps and tapers; the long lines of the different processions; and the bustling busy hum that at intervals came from the court without, as some of the pilgrims quaffed their sherbets, or cheapened beads and rosaries, forms a scene which beggars all description. But even at those moments, when the din and clamour of this concourse, which resembled the confusion of the tongues at Babel, was loudest, there was *one* sound which, eighteen centuries before, every spot in that vicinity must have heard; a sound at which the very rocks were rent, and the earth did quake; which burst asunder the narrow confines of the tomb, and called into life the mouldering ashes of the saint; a sound the most appalling that ever fell on human ear; a sound at which all nature, animate and inanimate, was moved to send forth one groan of anguish; that sound was the *Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani*. If I closed my eyes amidst this scene, it was but to picture in my mind the bleeding sacrifice—the weeping mother—the supporting disciple—the entreating fellow-sufferer on the cross—the gaunt form of the Roman soldier—the wagging head of the reviling Jew—and the riven rocks—opening sepulchres—the rent veil of the temple, and midnight darkness—appeared, in all their reality, to my imagination.”

And such feelings are natural to such an occasion.

That a great, sudden, and unexpected improvement has been worked in these lands by Mohammad Alee, none will deny; but it may be asked, will this improvement be permanent?—Has sufficient been done to prevent Egypt from relapsing into her former degenerate condition? Time alone can effectually answer these questions; although we must say, that we think the gloom of both Egypt and Israel is passing away. Who cannot perceive that the tribulation of the Jews in the present day, when compared with what it was years ago, is as heaven to hell? Not a single land is there, whose soil has not been dyed with the blood of the luckless child of Judea. His steps have been dogged by an ever-following curse—go where he would he has been despised, reviled, and trodden under foot. Scarcely allowed to breathe the common air of heaven, he has wandered a lonely outcast over the earth—unprotected by laws which protected all others, and in jeopardy where every body else was secure. No refuge had he remaining, except that afforded by cunning—a vice to which the weak always resort to screen themselves from the tyranny of the strong; and oftentimes the fox was equal to the lion. The riches possessed by this race were both their power and their bane; at once preserving them from extinction, and bringing on many of their worst calamities. Subject to all manner of caprice—now flattered because of their wealth, and now slaughtered for the sake of their plunder—the Israelites knew not rest. Their name had become a synonyme for every thing bad, illiberal, dishonest, dishonourable, or disreputable. A Jew had no character—no station—no place in society. The very lowest—the very dregs of the population scorned fellowship with him; avoided him as a contamination. His heritage was a heritage of tears, and his life a term of misery.

Gradually, however, the lot of these outcasts has been ameliorated, at least in civilized countries; and although they are still denied some privileges, in England little prejudice at present exists against a Jew, as such. If yet regarded as sojourners and not as natives, their lives and properties are safe. Even in those climes, where they are worst off, we hear of no wanton shedding of Jewish blood; their yoke, late so heavy, has been lightened. Yet are they still as much separated from the rest of the world as ever they were: there has been no amalgamation.

It is often remarked how extremely favourable Mohammad Alee is to the Jews. Under his sway they are allowed more immunities and privileges, than they have probably enjoyed since their final dispersion. He has repealed the decree which prohibited more than a small stated number of Jews to reside in Jerusalem, and, after a judicial investigation of their right, has allowed them, as a nation, to possess a plot of land near that city on which to build a synagogue: a thing without precedent. In consequence of these favourable circumstances, the Jews have flocked into Palestine, in greater numbers than they can be remembered ever to have done before. This it has been said is permitted by the Viceroy out of policy:—But by whom do kings reign?—and whose purpose are they employed to accomplish?

One of the most wonderful characteristics of the Jews, is the extreme affection they bear to Palestine—an affection which centuries of exile have been powerless either to eradicate or lessen. Other nations, after being conquered and dispersed, have in progress of time, become one with the people among whom they might dwell, and forgotten their original habitation; but the Jews, notwithstanding their country is lost, have preserved their nationality; and are the same people wherever they are found. To suppose that they have thus been kept apart from all nations, for such a long, weary time, without an immediate dispensation of Divine Providence, is a solecism in philosophy. Equally absurd, also, would it be to maintain, that such a dispensation has been vouchsafed to them for nought. If they are not reserved to take an important part in the working out of the destinies of mankind, why are they not situated like other races, which have been conquered and expelled their countries? And why, notwithstanding they may be living in opulence and happiness in another land, do they still yearn for Palestine?—still weep for a country, in which perhaps many of them have never set foot, and when all the endearments of early associations are interwoven with another clime?

Yes! they are still a chosen people; and will yet again recover their ancient splendour. Many of the obstacles which stood in the way of such a consummation have been removed; and when we look at the present condition of Egypt in connexion with the prophecies concerning the children of Israel, we must pause and consider. As our readers are well aware, we view every thing with a sober eye, and are not likely to be led away on an impulse of the moment. But it will be evident to any one who peruses the portions of the books of Isaiah and Ezekiel which relate to Egypt and Israel, that if the regeneration of the former is at hand, the restoration of the latter is not

far distant. This is but the fair inference. Three nations are there, who are to rise from their debasement almost simultaneously—namely, Egypt, Assyria, and Israel. Isaiah thus prophesies : “ In that day shall there be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt, and the Egyptian into Assyria, and the Egyptian shall serve with the Assyrians. In that day, shall Israel be the third with Egypt and Assyria, even a blessing in the midst of the land ; whom the Lord of Israel shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people, and Assyria the work of mine hands, and Israel mine inheritance.”* Be it observed, that these verses come immediately after the promise to heal Egypt, which we quoted a little way back ; and the time referred to under the term of “ that day,” in the above prophecy, is evidently the same as that on which Egypt is to be healed of her afflictions. It is likewise declared that Egypt is to be the highway for the return of the Jews ; and certainly the Hebrews are by the present Egyptian ruler treated very mildly ; and, as we have said before, he has allowed them to resort to the land of their forefathers in large numbers. “ This astonishing increase of the Jews in Palestine,” says Mr. Wilde, “ and particularly in the city of Jerusalem, must strike even those who do not look upon it as a literal fulfilment of prophecy.† Great and mighty events, must, however, come to pass ere their restoration is accomplished ; but though *the times and seasons knoweth no man*, yet the day *shall* come when, to use the metaphoric language of the east, those broken pillars, the prostrate columns and ornamental capitals of the noble edifice that once reared its head within that land shall be raked from out the *debris* of a world where they are now scattered and trodden under foot, to deck the polished corners of the gem-studded temple that shall once more crown the hills of Salem. The very wars and rumours of wars at present throughout the world tell us that we are on the eve of great events, and that the redemption of Judah draweth nigh. The flapping wings and soaring flight of

“ ‘ The dark bannered eagle, the Muscovite’s glory,’

before she stoops upon her quarry, are already heard speaking in accents that cannot be mistaken. Come those sounds for nought, or are they the distant murmurings of those northern powers, whose part in the drama is so plainly spoken of by the inspired heralds of Scripture.”

But these are speculations. That the times we live in are fraught with great changes, moral and political, none can deny ; and that Russia is aiming at the dominion of the whole of Europe, and will obtain it, unless the British nation arouse from the lethargy in which she is now immersed, is equally probable ; but whether these are the “ tidings out of the east and out of the north,”‡ which in the last days are to trouble the nations, it would be yet premature to decide. Certainly, our relations are every day becoming more entangled—our enemies are increasing—and our energy is melting away, yet, as

* Chap. xix. 23, 24, 25.

† Among whom we rank ourselves.

‡ Dan. xi. 44.

Englishmen, we still hope the best—we still believe that although the British lion is asleep he is not dead.

In conclusion, we must again declare our conviction, that all mankind are seeking a common centre of union. They begin to get tired of a state which affords them no repose—they are longing for the reign of peace. Out of mere languor those who possess empire are allowing it to slip through their fingers; that for which their ancestors bled and toiled, they are giving up as a thing of no worth. And why? Because there already appears on the distant horizon, a dawning of a better day, when physical strength shall be despised, and mental or moral greatness be enthroned in its stead—when the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest.

The above review has, necessarily, in the course of its progress, fallen in the way of Principles which demanded affirmation. Regard for eternal truth compelled their enunciation, revealed as they are to the conscience and reason, and sacredly corroborated by the testimony of scripture, tradition, and history. They must now receive political application.

France threatens England with war, because she has allied herself with Russia, Austria, and Prussia, against the claims of Mohammad Alee—that is, France has declared herself in favour of Eastern progress, *versus* Russia, or Eastern retrogression. England, however, in combining with Russia, designs no retrogression—but only the permanence of certain existing relations. The policy of our government, whether Whig or Tory, is at present necessarily conservative; at a mid-point between progression and retrogression. France alike disturbing and disturbed, is interested in maintaining the interplay of an antagonism which England desires to bring to a state of equilibrium. Egypt represents the prothetic point to be developed in the conflict of certain manifesting principles, which principles are represented by the different nations engaged in this dispute. The regeneration of the East being once effected;—will, let us reverently ask, Deity then use Asia to right the balance of Europe—or both to right that of the world? The great interests now at stake are rather, in our opinion, cosmical than national, and thus mark the important character of the age they illustrate. “The contest,” says *The Quotidienne* rightly, “would be not to know whether Syria shall belong to the Sultan or to Mohammad Alee, but whether revolution or monarchy shall govern the world? The whole of Europe would be shaken by a revolutionary war, and it does not belong to M. Thiers or any body else, to prevent such a result. Let a single gun be fired on the banks of the Rhine, and either conquered Europe must submit to the revolution, or France must be invaded. The war once commenced can end in no other way.”

That it is a War of Principle (such a war as Mr. Canning meant, when he said that “the next war would be a war of opinion,”) is contended for also by *The National*, which is, however, of opinion that the Austrian and Prussian governments, in fear for their respective thrones, will do every thing to prevent it. Five powers are thus in operation,

in whose acts, Mr. Coleridge, had he now been alive, would have recognized the working of a Divine Pentad—the God's Hand introduced into the movements of mundane policy.

France is bound by lower interests to the side of Mohammad Alee. Previous to 1789, she was in almost exclusive possession of the European commerce of Syria. Twenty corresponding houses of commerce, established in the principal towns of the country, sold annually to the value of four or five millions of French commodities, receiving five or six millions in return. The commercial intercourse of all other nations with Syria did not amount to such a sum. France seeks to recover this preponderance.

England also has her interests—the safety of her Indian possessions on the one hand, and the prevention of Russia from appropriating Turkey on the other. These are motives which place England between the two mighty opposites.

The philosophical disposition of the argument then, whether debated by words or blows, and which, in either case, will deserve to become the subject of a world-epic, stands thus. Egypt, the antecedent cause, as representative of the regeneration of the east; France and Russia the two living antitheses—England the mediator—Austria and Prussia being the yet undecided co-ordinates. The control of the balance (the equilibrium of which is thus disturbed) rests with Him, in whom are the issues of life and death, and who suffers agitation only that stagnancy may be prevented or destroyed. For it is needful that an angel should trouble the waters, ere the bathers in a pool can be healed.

PRESENT ASPECTS OF POETRY.*—No. 3.

THE poet is the only true politician. What are politics but the practical and partial exhibitings (through philosophical media) of ideal excellences? The place seeker, the place retainer, the adept in tactics, is not the politician. We cannot dignify by the name of a science that which merely teaches the attainment of an individual end. He alone is the politician who aids in the developement of those principles of which the world is the heir, and an inalienable fee-simple the tenure.

The *conventional* politician is a courtly sceptic; he smiles on all, and trusts none; he curbs every feeling, tramples upon impulse, and by the light of interested calculation governs *himself*. A poor seignior however to govern is the same himself from which malcontent goodness is exiled.

But the *true* politician is a man with a heart. He loves and is wise.

The wisdom in a man is the admeasurement of the love in a man. The foolish and the selfish are inseparable. The man of love has no need of cunning. It is in the proportion that his designs are mani-

* Poetry for the People, and other Poems. By Richard Monckton Milnes. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1840.

Rhyme, Romance, and Revery. By John Bolton Rogerson.—(*Unpublished.*)

festated that they are justified. The exhibition of his deeds vouches for their excellence.

We want another Burke ! The integrity of this great man is now conceded by party, and affirmed by people. He was an advocate indeed, and principles were his clients. Many are there of counsel for the left hand or the right hand of the Speaker, and these are they who have accused Burke of inconsistency.

Perhaps there is no instance on record save Mr. Burke's of a man in whom were equally combined all the elements that constitute a great senator. He had an expanded sympathy, a profound judgement, a freedom of fancy, a methodical arrangement, an energetic enthusiasm, and an unerring penetration. In his reasoning you discovered the sage; in his illustrations the poet; in his objects the philanthropist.

Poet, sage, and philanthropist was Burke; and such in our time, though avoiding senatorial display, is Richard Monckton Milnes. He has seen that reform in *human instruments* of policy must precede any reform in *political effects*. Leaving these as matters of minor import, the mere incidents of legislation, he has announced in their universal and abstract relations those principles which must progress in man before they are evolved in policy. Such a politician as Mr. Milnes we can gladly commune with on poetic grounds. Without any comment we shall at once quote the following extracts from "Poetry for the People."

"LABOUR.

HEART of the People ! Working men !
Marrow and nerve of human powers ;
Who on your sturdy backs sustain
Through streaming Time this world of ours ;
Hold by that title,—which proclaims,
That ye are undismayed and strong,
Accomplishing whatever aims
May to the sons of earth belong.

Yet not on ye alone depend
These offices, or burthens fall ;
Labour for some or other end
Is Lord and master of us all.
The high-born youth from downy bed
Must meet the morn with horse and hound,
While Industry for daily bread
Pursues afresh his wonted round.

With all his pomp of pleasure, He
Is but your working comrade now,
And shouts and winds his horn, as ye
Might whistle by the loom or plough ;
In vain for him has wealth the use
Of warm repose and careless joy,—
When, as ye labour to produce,
He strives, as active to destroy.

But who is this with wasted frame,
Sad sign of vigour overwrought ?
What toil can this new victim claim ?
Pleasure, for Pleasure's sake besought.

How men would mock her flaunting shows,
 Her golden promise, if they knew
 What weary work she is to those
 Who have no better work to do !
 And He who still and silent sits
 In closèd room or shady nook,
 And seems to nurse his idle wits
 With folded arms or open book :—
 To things now working in *that* mind,
 Your children's children well may owe
 Blessings that hope has ne'er defined
 Till from his busy thoughts they flow.
 Thus all must work : with head or hand,
 For self or others, good or ill ;
 Life is ordained to bear, like land,
 Some fruit, be fallow as it will :
 Evil has force itself to sow
 Where we deny the healthy seed,—
 And all our choice is this,—to grow
 Pasture and grain or noisome weed.
 Then in content possess your hearts,
 Unenvious of each other's lot,—
 For those which seem the easiest parts
 Have travail which ye reckon not :
 And He is bravest, happiest, best,
 Who, from the task within his span,
 Earns for himself his evening rest,
 And an increase of good for man."

The other poems in Mr. Milnes' volume are refined, spiritual, and exquisite. The poet seldom deals with the sublime, or even with the intense, but he excels in whatever is fine, meditative, touching, and delicate. He is the miniature painter of the soul. Sometimes, however, the moral is so very refined as to lose the requisite prominency ; and we should not be at all surprised to hear that many readers had perused the volume before us without discovering any lesson in its pages. The following we think beautiful ; it suggests in so simple a manner, a history of emotions. But the reader, if he would apprehend it, must be himself a poet.

"They seemed to those who saw them meet
 The worldly friends of every day,
 Her smile was undisturbed and sweet,
 His courtesy was free and gay.
 But yet if one the other's name
 In some unguarded moment heard,
 The heart, you thought so calm and tame,
 Would struggle like a captured bird :
 And letters of mere formal phrase
 Were blistered with repeated tears,—
 And this was not the work of days,
 But had gone on for years and years !
 Alas, that Love was not too strong
 For maiden shame and manly pride !
 Alas, that they delayed so long
 The goal of mutual bliss beside."

Yet what no chance could then reveal,
And neither would be first to own,
Let fate and courage now conceal,
When truth could bring remorse alone."

We pass from "Poetry for the People," to a most graceful and entertaining volume, entitled, "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery." The poetical portion of the book is characterised by deep feeling, an elegant fancy, an expression always chaste and simple, and frequently picturesque. It includes, also, several domestic pieces which are of singular fidelity and beauty. It is pleasing to us to find, that the dominion of poetical libertinism is passing away; and that the holiest relationships of nature are not now considered as themes too insipid for song. Mr. Rogerson's book is inscribed to the author of "FESTUS;" and although bearing little similarity in tone of thought or style to that original work, is still an offering which a poet may be willing to receive. The prose portion of the volume (which does not so much fall under our notice) is varied, graphic, and interesting. We will not accept the following delineation as the exclusive beau-ideal of a poet's love. For ourselves, we avow a *penchant* for an aristocratic *tournure*, and do not object to gems on seemly occasions. We know also a poetical friend, who has resolved not to wed with aught less majestic than a counterpart of Mrs. Siddons; but "*chacun a son goût*;" there is much in the coming quotation which bespeaks Mr. Rogerson's heroine worthy to compete with our own, or that of any other man.

"THE POET'S LOVE.

The poet's love; the poet's love!
She is no high-born maid,
Nor is she of that lowly race
Who dwell in cottage-shade:
You see her not at festival,
But ever by his side;
She nurses but one wish, one hope—
To be the poet's bride.

She moveth not in gaze of man
With proud and stately tread;
She turneth not from humble suit,
With high and scornful head:
Her heart is pity's holy shrine,
And timid as the dove,
She glideth—meek, though beautiful,
The poet's chosen love.

How did he woo the gentle maid?
How gain her virgin heart?
He won her not with costly gems,
But with his minstrel art.
He wooed her not in mazy dance,
Nor 'mid a festive throng;
He wooed her in her solitude,
And charm'd her with his song.

She shares with him the laurel wreath,
Her beauty and her name
Are living in his glowing lines,
Blent with the poet's fame;

And is it not a prouder joy
 Than wealth or birth can give,
 To think, when we are with the dead,
 Our memory yet may live?

And loveth not the maid to think
 She hath beneath her sway
 A child of sweet imaginings,
 A master of the lay?
 To know the son of wayward thought
 Bows to her dear control,
 To know that she hath wak'd to love
 A waker of the soul!

The poet's love, she is not clad
 In rich and gay attire;
 No chain of gold around her neck,
 To make strange eyes admire;
 She hath no jewels 'mid her hair,
 No ring with emerald stone—
 She knows her lovely unto him
 Who loveth her alone."

THE DOCTOR'S MARRIAGE.

NO VII.

SELECTED FROM THE RECORDS OF THE ECCENTRIC CLUB.

BY ORDER. NICK. SOBER, HON. SEC.

"HUZZA! huzza!" cried Ned, reeling upon his heel in a bacchanalian fashion, and waving a blue ribbon over his head—"Mrs. Rawbone has stolen a march upon the philosopher, stormed the citadel of his heart, and carried it: the treaty of capitulation is signed; Dr. Cassock-sleeve drew it up, and his clerk witnessed it, drawling out a veritable professional A-men in confirmation of the act."

"Why, Ned," cried the major, starting to his feet, "you are mad!"

"No, no, my dear major—'tis the philosopher."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, truth, that the philosopher is mad."

"O! and is that the worst of the matter?" ejaculated Manlove, with benignant simplicity, "I really thought that our learned friend had married."

"Married!" interrupted the major.

"Just so, my dear major," responded Ned, laughing, and holding the other by the sleeve; "our worthy friend is married: Manlove is perfectly right in his conjecture. Don't look so astounded, what is there to prevent a philosopher being as great a fool, now and then, as an ordinary mortal; besides, the doctor told me in my private ear, that he expected certain results wonderfully beneficial to magnetic science to spring out of this marriage; but mum! they are now merry making at the house—will you go and make one of the evening party?"

The major struck the tip of his nose sharply with his fore finger.

"Very odd!" said he, soliloquizing, "very odd, indeed, that Harts-horn did not manœuvre better."

"Not at all," interrupted Ned; "his heart's like a target, shot through and through. I doubt if there's a bit of it left—not even enough for an anatomist to swear by: the man could not help himself; Mrs. Rawbone had stolen his heart, and the philosopher, like a reflective man, married her to get it again into his possession; the campaign was ended by a treaty of peace."

"A dishonourable capitulation!" exclaimed the major; "he should have kept his ground, and defended it inch by inch, until he had not a cartridge left to make another charge. By St. George, I would have lost my legs, before I would have budged a foot."

"And, then, major, you would have thought it time to run," retorted Ned, with a taunting glance at the other's unfortunate Hibernicism.

"Ay, Ned, but not till I had got wooden ones—mind that; the fellow's an old fool! a scandal to the club; his name shall be erased forthwith. What, a married man sit beside bachelors! call me a Benedict first!"

While the major was thus fulminating his indignation against the recreant member, Balance dexterously contrived to lead him into the street; and before the worthy officer had quietly repressed his temper, he found himself within a few streets of the doctor's domicile. Moved by a very natural curiosity, Manlove and the barrister followed close behind, and our secretary not being in the humour to derive pleasure from his own cogitations, gave a significant look to the president, who, replying in his usual axiomatic style, that "a nod was as good as a wink," took Mr. Sober's arm, and closed upon the rear.

"I tell you what," said the barrister to Manlove, as they hurried along, "there has been some foul play here; depend upon it, the doctor was forced into a promise of marriage, or it is not likely that, at his age, he would have taken to wedlock."

"It is much more likely," returned the other, "that the doctor has lately got into trouble, and did it in a fit of desperation."

"Ay, true, temporary insanity—a capital case for a jury—the club must see to it."

"What's that you say?" inquired the major, who had overheard a part of the foregoing conversation.

"That the doctor's mad," replied the barrister, "and if we can only prove him so, we can procure a divorce *a mensâ et thoro*, and reclaim the honour of the club."

"Nay, Subtle, you overreach the point; if the doctor's mad, why, let him keep married, for that's the most likely thing to cure him."

"Don't perplex yourselves, gentlemen," interrupted Ned, "the doctor himself will determine the point. Come—here is the door."

So saying, Balance gave a knock and a ring that might have awakened a garrison with an alarm of a volley of artillery. In a moment the door flew open, and our storming party, led by the major, immediately scaled the stairs, and made a lodgment in the drawing-room, much to the astonishment of a congregation of gray-headed

beaux and faded belles, who were eagerly discussing the various merits of themselves and friends.

"Welcome, my dear major, most welcome!" exclaimed the philosopher, rushing forwards, and seizing the officer's hand in a convulsion of joy; "this is the happiest hour of my life, the pleasure of seeing you at the present festival fills my cup of happiness."

"And, now, doctor, I hope you will allow me to fill mine," returned Ned, glancing at the preparations for joviality in an ante-room; and thus giving an opportunity to the major to collect his thoughts, for the gallant officer was evidently much discomfited by our host's hearty reception. He planted his right foot energetically on the ground, drew back, struck the tip of his nose with his finger, and then looking keenly into the doctor's face, said, in a caustic tone, "I think, doctor, you have made a great fool of yourself." The philosopher stared in utter dismay, and then retiring with a downcast visage, looked like one who had made a fool of himself indeed. Doubtless, the conviction throbbed quickly through the worthy doctor's bosom, and, for a moment, gave a prospective anticipation of the blessings of the conjugal state. The major now made a step into the middle of the room, glanced round with the penetrating eye of an experienced commander, and placed himself next to a fair young lady, who had apparently, until this moment, been neglected by the assembled gossips. We have singled her out for observation, simply because the major thought proper to do so; and we warn our readers beforehand, that we have no notion whatever of making her the heroine of this paper. No, not in the least; we have hardly decided yet who is to be that honoured personage; but, at all events, it will not be the lady with the flaxen locks, next whom, with the most gentlemanlike demeanour imaginable, the worthy officer seated himself. She was, nevertheless, a lovely girl, and as we have her distinctly before our mind's eye at this moment, we can scarcely forbear describing her; but, no, it would be giving her too much importance, and we should be obliged, of necessity, to make her the heroine, which, as we said before, we are resolved not to do. Let us leave her then to an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with the major.

"I beg to offer you my warmest congratulations, Mrs. Hartshorn, on this auspicious event," said Ned, sliding up to the bride with a courteous air.

Mrs. Hartshorn simpered, essayed a sigh, and concealed (or seemed to do so) a blush behind a Chinese fan. "Hem, ah! dear me!" and Mrs. Hartshorn could not, for the life of her, squeeze out another word by way of reply. She enacted the sensitive gentlewoman most admirably; and, by way of giving the concluding touch, she puffed a volume of air from between her lips, to cool her cheeks which had become insufferably warm under the embarrassments of her situation.

"Shall I bring you a dose of lavender?" inquired her anxious husband.

"Of brandy?" interrupted Balance, with an air of pressing concern.

"Thank you," sighed out the lady, in broken accents.

"Which?" again inquired the doctor.

"Brandy, to be sure," answered Balance; "why man, you don't understand your own profession;" and, in a moment, the gallant member brought the stimulating fluid. Before, however, Balance arrived, Mrs. Hartshorn had time to recover, for an instant, to give her husband a contemptuous glance for his stupidity, and then sighed off again into incipient hysterics.

"'Tis the most delicious cognac," said Ned, returning with the re-animating liquid,—“take it, my dear madam, it will revive your drooping spirits—really how very pale you are!” O, if Mrs. Hartshorn could only have made herself look pale, she would have given all the blood in her veins; but she knew that she did not look pale, and she half suspected that the jocund member was amusing himself at the expense of her carnation. But what women will not turn attentions into a compliment, if there remain even the shadow of a possibility of making such an application. Mrs. Hartshorn was vain; she was a woman, and she was resolved to believe that every word Mr. Balance uttered was animated by an honest earnestness for her welfare. “Do take it, I beseech you,” said Ned.

“It is too strong,” returned Mrs. Hartshorn, affecting to sip the liquid.

“Not at all, believe me,” and Ned, turning aside, swallowed a spoonful of it, which was so little adulterated that the worthy member turned as red as a lobster, and ran a near risk of being strangled. He made an intense effort to choke down the burning irritation in his throat, and then composing himself, he again turned to the sighing lady. “Do let me prevail upon you, it is of a most agreeable strength and flavour.” The lady took the glass, placed it to her lips;—“Swallow it all at once,” interrupted Ned.

“I will, depend upon it.” And she did; and when Balance expected to find her struggling for breath, like a man drowning in a malmsey butt, she turned round composedly, and thanked him in good earnest for his civility.

If Ned was too well-bred a man to stare with astonishment, he could not help shrugging his shoulders, and muttering to himself, “Ods wounds! her throat must be tanned like leather!”

Mrs. Hartshorn immediately entertained a very high sense of the honourable member's medical skill, and began to think that he was certainly a most discreet and amiable gentleman.

“You have a fine family,” said Ned, turning with a malicious smile to the doctor; “very pretty children, indeed; and, upon my word, I think Master Bobby is very much like you.”

“The very image of him,” rejoined Mrs. Hartshorn; “I often told the doctor so before we were married; but he always looked incredulous.”

The major's gravity was almost overthrown by the eager assurance of Mrs. Hartshorn, and a playful smile of astonishment lurked about his lips. “What do *you* say, doctor?” he inquired, as he saw the philosopher scrutinizing the physiognomy of the child with much satisfaction.

“'Tis odd—very odd,” replied he—“I think so too, but I know not how to account for it.”

"And a philosopher too!" exclaimed the major, breaking into a laugh. "There are none so blind, doctor, as those who won't see. Some men jump at conclusions, and others, like you, my friend, jump over them."

A ray of apprehension seemed to beam over the philosopher's countenance, for he coloured, stared, then dropped his upper eyelid, and looked perplexed in the extreme.

"Come, cheer up, doctor," interrupted Ned; "wedlock may not be a very desirable thing, but when it becomes a matter of necessity, you know, the best virtue is resignation." The doctor drew himself up, and pursing his lips, prepared himself for an elaborate explanation. "We thoroughly understand it," interrupted Ned—"human nature is frail, and women are seductive."

Mrs. Hartshorn's rosy countenance acquired a fiery hue. "I don't understand your inuendoes, Mr. Balance," she observed, sharply.

"Does that vex you, madam?" replied Ned, with a courteous air; "a fuller explanation must be sought in regarding Mrs. Hartshorn's charms—I would speak plainer, but I wish not to be guilty of flattery."

Fortunately for Mrs. Hartshorn her rubicund complexion masked her modest blushes. She began to wonder, however, by what dulness her attractions had been hitherto neglected, and believing that Ned spake honestly, she resolved to criticise her features more narrowly this evening, than she had till now thought worth her trouble.

"I have many things to tell you," began the doctor, after a long pause—"which will prove highly honourable to my wife, and satisfactorily account for my late adoption of the married state."

"O, I know!" interrupted Mrs. Hartshorn, "you mean the affair at Plymouth—well, 'tis very strange how things come around; I never thought to see you again, I declare; you were then a very handsome young man—the mark of all eyes, and the fascination of mine."

"You flatter me, my dear," responded the husband, with an uxorious smile—the character of which our readers must fancy for themselves.

"Not at all—not at all!" hastily ejaculated the newly-made wife—"I spoke of what you were then, not of what you are now—I never mean to flatter you, believe me, doctor—but you said something of that unfortunate circumstance at Plymouth."

"Fortunate, my dear," interrupted the philosopher—"since by its means I owe you my life."

"A debt it would be cruel to pay," observed Ned. Mrs. Hartshorn sighed at the thought of it.

"I was then assistant-surgeon of the Griper."

"Excuse me, doctor, was it not the Viper?" interrupted the wife, with a serious inquiring air, and as if predetermined to know more about it than her husband.

"The Griper—the Griper!" reiterated the doctor; "I served in her for four years."

"Four years and three months," rejoined Mrs. Hartshorn.

"Perhaps it was—well, it was a couple of months before my appointment that I became acquainted with you."

"Not quite so long, I think—not more than six weeks, surely."

"My memory is not quite so exact, Mrs. Hartshorn; perhaps you

will tell the story yourself," answered the doctor, with evident spleen.

Mrs. Hartshorn was very clearly making the attempt to obtain the mastery; she thought that she might be allowed to contradict the dates of a story, without being discovered in her approaches. She intended to spring a mine, as the major would say, and blow up, without remorse, every trace of marital authority. How many modes of circumvention are discoverable by a female intellect! No general officer ever employed so much ingenuity in planning and executing a campaign, as a woman will call into action to elude or oppose her husband's cherished determination. How we have been amused to mark their little tricks, to observe their close calculations, their insinuations, evasions, fictions, their hundred and one wily manœuvres to blind their husbands' suspicions, and make good their 'vantage-ground. He who denies superior intellect to a woman, has lived in a state of celibacy. Then again, where shall we find better disputants than among women who have had the misfortune to rear a large family upon a small income. The subtlety of a Duns Scotus is self-evident to the dexterous intellectual fencing which a sharp woman will display in vindicating her economy, or her privileges. "Do what one can, one can never satisfy you!" is one of their strongest stock arguments: it is considered a complete clincher, especially when accompanied with the accent of wounded honesty: every woman uses it. What can the husband do? He must succumb, of course: his wife, upon her own assertion, has done her best, and it would be foolish and ungenerous to expect more. He heaves a sigh, and holds his tongue. Now, the husband is conquered, the battle is over; but stop! we must yet witness the triumph! The fifes squeak, and the drums roar: reproof, resentment, and exultation follow quickly: questions are put, and answers given with the rapidity of an echo; until, at length, the unwitting husband, shamed by his wife's volubility, convinced of her integrity by her earnestness, and almost despising himself for his uncharitable observations, skulks from the scene, and leaves his better half in undisputed possession of the field: admirable woman!

"My memory is not quite so exact, Mrs. Hartshorn; perhaps you will tell the story yourself."

"But I don't know it; at the least, I know that you are telling it wrong."

"You are very unphilosophic, Mrs. Hartshorn."

We beg to say that the doctor was altogether wrong: Mrs. Hartshorn did not care how the story was told; but she had a point to gain, and she was carrying out her plan on the most philosophical principles. She was determined to contradict until she had wearied her husband's patience; and she knew well enough that then a great step would be made towards the fulfilment of her object. Could she but once succeed in exciting her husband's irascibility, and then in talking him down, the doctor might as well throw up the cards—the game was won. Unphilosophic, indeed! Match us the world for philosophy against an ambitious wife! Who, so well as she, understands all the crannies and sinuosities of the human intellect; the caprices and follies of the human heart; who knows better the most

expedient means of working on them, deceiving them, and turning them to her purposes? Pooh! pooh! Unphilosophic! Nay, doctor, your judgment is for once at fault.

"You had better tell the story yourself," said the doctor. Now the worthy member said this in pique; and he did not, in his heart, think that it would be better for his wife to narrate the tale than himself. Had she, indeed, taken him at his word, it is probable that he would have inflicted some kind of summary vengeance on her tongue—either by word or deed. But we must not any longer discuss probabilities: the doctor has been nudging our elbow for the last five minutes, and has repeated as many times in our ear, "I was then assistant-surgeon of the Griper—in the year ninety-five." Before, however, we attend to the doctor, we must premise, that the tale has undergone the revision of our secretary, for the philosopher delivered it in such dislocated sentences, that it would have been almost impossible to read it in its original state.

"It was in the year ninety-five, and I was then assistant-surgeon of the Griper. I had received my appointment about a week, when the circumstances which I intend to relate to you occurred."

"You have not begun at the beginning," interrupted Mrs. Hartshorn. "Six weeks before that, your acquaintance with me commenced."

"As you please, my dear; well, six weeks before my appointment to the Griper, I made an acquaintance with a charming girl, at least in my estimation (umph! muttered the wife), the daughter of the widow of a lieutenant in the navy. I shall describe this lady as she then appeared to my youthful eyes, giving her credit for all the beauty and intelligence which she undoubtedly possessed." A smile passed over Mrs. Hartshorn's features.

"Her eyes were dark and brilliant," continued the doctor; "her cheeks ruddy, her figure rather tall; her habits cheerful and active. You are somewhat altered now, Jane,"—scanning his wife's features; "ah! we are both growing old!"

"I presume, Dr. Hartshorn, that you cannot be acquainted with my age," answered the wife in indignation.

"Why, my dear, you cannot be much short of—"

"Forty-five, sir," she interrupted dictatorially. The doctor stared; but his wife's mien was so confident, that he would as soon have thought of opposing her at that moment, as a soldier would think of resisting the orders of his commander-in-chief. Mrs. Hartshorn had gained *one* point.

"Mrs. Johnson lived in a very pretty cottage at Stoke, about two miles from the dock, and there I was accustomed to spend many an idle hour in company with her daughter Jane. That, at that time, I thought there were but few maidens equal to her in the possession of all those graces of mind and person to which men are wont to attribute the entanglement of their affections, cannot be denied. I loved her, and was unhappy unless when seated by her side; I listened to the throbbing of her bosom, or, coursing with her through the fields, I watched the elegance and vivacity of her movements. I declared my affection, and the deep blush and downcast eye of my beloved told

me that my services were not given unrewarded. My happiness, however, was not permitted to be unalloyed; and, as the time drew near when it was expected I should be obliged to join my ship, I began to feel some of that tender uneasiness which is accustomed to haunt and terrify the minds of men similarly situated. My beautiful Jane seemed to grow more beautiful; my affection, already strong, seemed to grow stronger; and the more I contemplated the necessity of our separation, the more incapable I felt of enduring such an event. At length the dreaded appointment arrived, and my heart was broken!"

"What a lucky thing you were a physician!" interrupted Ned in a whisper.

"Why, I loved her, Ned," returned the doctor—"and the news of the appointment struck me like a thunder-clap. I went immediately to the beloved girl, and told her the unhappy circumstance; I swore that if she would be mine, I would on the instant throw up the plans that had been laid for my advancement, and, linking her fortunes with mine, endeavour to make my way in the world as a civil practitioner. Poor Jane wept—but she had too much sense to encourage such a foolish project, and our interview ended with the determination that I was to abide by my appointment, and leave the future to fate.

"The Griper, the vessel that I was ordered to join, was lying in the Sound off St. Nicholas Island, and was expected to sail in about a week from the day I received my orders, being detained only by the delay of the arrival of some despatches from the Admiralty. Meanwhile I went on board, and was introduced to my future companions—a half-dozen of wild, giddy, mischief-loving middies, who took every opportunity of playing off their jokes upon the new-comer. It would be a stale story to relate the variety of gibes they passed off on my appearance and behaviour; as every sea-novelist, since the days of the laughter-moving Smollet, has ransacked his memory for the old jokes, and tortured his imagination to place them in the most deceptive point of view. I was a little irritated at first, but being naturally of a sedate temper, I became, in a day or two, perfectly callous to their taunts. Seeing that they could no longer provoke me, they grew familiar, and I found two or three of them to be, at the bottom, steady, warm-hearted, deserving young men.

"Having now but little to occupy myself on board, I frequently obtained leave to go ashore, and in general I took advantage of such opportunities, by hastening to pay a visit to my dear Jane."

"I remember it very well," interrupted Mrs. Hartshorn; "on one occasion you presented yourself in your uniform, and really, you did look then a very handsome man."

"The beauty of the bird was in his feathers," said the major. "But to be sure, doctor, you may have altered considerably since then. A few campaigns will always take the gloss off the brightest red coat."

"I am a little more wrinkled, perhaps," answered the doctor; "and my complexion may have faded a little also—but 'tis in obedience to the common law—the law—"

"Ay, true, we understand you," interrupted Balance, who dreaded nothing so much as one of the doctor's philosophical prelections. "Ay,

true, we understand you," said he. "But you were going to tell us, I think, that you made some infringement of the law."

"No, not exactly, Ned; I will tell you."

"It had been agreed upon on board that as many of us as could get leave should go ashore on the first favourable day, and have a surfeit of enjoyment, before we quitted our native land to undergo the dangers of the sea and war. Our plans had been well laid beforehand, and our anticipations were already dwelling zealously on the frolics in which we had resolved to engage. The day at length arrived (how often I wished afterwards that I had spent it in the society of my amiable Jane!)—the two mids., my most intimate companions, had obtained leave with myself among others, to visit the shore for the last time, and we accordingly quitted the vessel as early as possible, in order that the day of pleasure might not be unnecessarily shortened."

"As soon as we had planted our feet upon the earth, and felt the full value of a day's liberty, we shouted and hallooed like Bedlamites, and were immediately surrounded by men of unquestioned honour, and women of established reputation. As, however, our plan had been previously determined on, we did not listen to their counsel, but going forthwith to a stable keeper, hired, each of us, a horse, to taste the luxury of a country excursion. Who has not heard of a sailor on horseback? It suffices to say that our feats on that occasion rivalled any that the celebrated Ducrow ever performed,—nay, many were achieved which that agile equestrian would shrink from attempting."

"Put a sailor on horseback, and he'll ride to the devil," interrupted Mr. Geoffrey Sageman.

"Right enough, indeed," continued the doctor, "and I was afraid, at every instant, that a broken neck would unexpectedly send one of my young friends in to the winning post. It was not so decreed, however, but the same result was very nearly accomplished by different means."

"We had returned from the country, had put up our horses (but whether we had paid for the hire of them or not, I do not now remember), and were walking up Fore Street, when Jem Burton, one of the middies, catching me by the arm, said—

"Look out there a starboard, doctor—see that trim sail bearing up just under our lee-bow: by St. George! she hangs out friendly colours too!"

"To my shame be it said, we had partaken so freely of various intoxicating liquors, and I had been so far overcome by them, that I was scarcely able to distinguish the object alluded to from a lamp-post, and perhaps should have remained in utter ignorance of the meaning of my friend's enigmatical expressions, if, in a moment after, I had not felt my arm rudely seized, and a command uttered at the same time in a harsh female voice, 'to hold up my head like a man, and not to look as melancholy as a mute at a doorpost.'"

Mrs. Hartshorn fidgetted about in her chair, and was evidently annoyed at hearing of the low company which her venerated husband had fallen among. Not that she had been previously ignorant of it;

but she was afraid that both she and her husband would lose respectability by such a frank confession of the errors and inadvertencies of youthful days. The young lady of the flaxen locks hung her head and blushed, which, if the doctor had observed, he might have blushed too.

"Well, doctor, I presume you obeyed orders," said the major.

"I was too stupid to do anything," answered the philosopher, "and I remember but little of what passed after this unceremonious accost.

"The evening was growing dark, for it was early Spring, and the sky about sunset had gathered cloudy; at length a few drops of rain fell; the shower became gradually denser, and in a few moments a flood of rain seemed to pour out from the gates of heaven. We all made a rush for shelter, and I being more helpless than the rest of my companions, was left to the tender mercies of my new associate. She having separated me from my shipmates, dragged me along through a number of narrow streets and alleys, until we arrived at the door of a small house, at which she knocked twice lowly, thus, with her knuckle:" here the doctor imitated the action,—“and said in an impatient whisper, to some one within—‘Nancy, Nancy, be quick, do not keep us standing at the door—I have brought a visitor—hush!’ The bar of the door grated harshly, as the woman drew it back, and the noise thus made caused my conductress to utter this exclamation of alarm.

“‘I am glad you are come back,’ said the woman who opened the door, and who, by the way, was attired in a slouchy tattered striped calico dress, with a red handkerchief thrown over her shoulders; her countenance was pale and anxious, and her hand trembled like that of one stricken by palsy. She was a wretched looking creature, and was evidently labouring under some mental distress. Although, by remembering the expression of this woman’s features, I am now enabled with certainty to describe the passions and emotions that harrowed her mind, yet, at the time, I was almost wholly unconscious of any mystery brooding in the bosom of my hostess. There seemed, indeed, to be something strange and apprehensive in the conduct of the two women, but I was too much inebriated to be excited to suspicion, or to reason upon the indications that presented themselves.

“‘I am glad you are come back,’ said the woman standing on the threshold. ‘I grew terribly frightened as the night came on, and the rain fell so heavily.’ ‘Pooh, Nancy! you wanted company,’ returned the other, frowning, and putting her finger on her lip. ‘I never before saw one so afraid of darkness in my life, as you are—what did you think you should see, ay?’ The woman shuddered, and the speaker perceiving that she had put an unfortunate question, placed herself before me, that I might not observe the effects of it. ‘Sit down, sit down, fool,’ continued she, pressing the other into a chair, and shaking her violently as she did so, ‘you are not going to treat us to an hysterical fit now—rouse up!’ The tears stole, one by one, over the cheek of the poor creature, she heaved a sigh—a heart-breaking sigh—she could not close the dam upon her feelings, and she cried like a child.

“I observed her crying, but I was senseless, and pity never entered my bosom. May I be forgiven for it! As this scene lasted some

minutes, my conductress, whose name was Susan, upbraided her companion in no measured terms, and then, as if afraid that she might have hazarded too much, would utter an occasional excuse and word of encouragement.—‘Come, sir,’ said she to me, ‘let us leave Nancy to her whimperings, she is only showing off a little, she will be all right by and by.’ So saying, she took me by the arm, and actually pushed me up the stairs, for I was almost powerless, and could only with great difficulty lift my feet from one step to another. She opened a door on the first landing, which was the entrance of one of the upper rooms of the house, for it was composed only of two stories, and thrusting me in before her, she immediately closed the door and turned the key, while she ran down stairs, and thus left me alone in the dark apartment.

“I fell down at the door, and believe I slept, for I remember nothing until aroused by a noise below. I felt an anxiety to discover where I was, and by what means I had become an inmate of this room. I tried to remember what had passed within the day; and gradually, one incident after another occurred to my mind, and the scene in the lower apartment became vividly depicted. The more I reflected on these circumstances, the more alarmed I felt at the uncertainty of my situation, and the more desirous of escaping from such an iniquitous house as I felt this must be.

“I could not see an inch before me, for it was perfectly dark, the sky being cloudy and moonless; in order, therefore, to reconnoitre my situation, I got upon one knee and placed my hand against the wall, then stood upright and stared with all my might and main, to endeavour to discover something palpable through the dark mist. But the effort was fruitless; I walked along the side of the wall, groping my way as I went, turned an angle of the room, and stopped to look about me, but I could see nothing. The noise below stairs grew louder, and I distinctly heard articulate sounds, but they were unconnected; I then resolved to go to the door and knock—which, indeed, I should have done at first, but I had some misgivings at being considered a coward if I called up the house to satisfy groundless fears—I turned, and in throwing out my foot, struck something which gave out a metallic sound. I stooped and picked it up—it was a knife—the handle was clammy, and as I raised it my hand came in contact with some thick moist clots. Suspicion rushed through my mind like a flame, and horror shook my whole system. I stood aghast and trembled. I then walked a step forward, being moved by an intense curiosity, and then cautiously made another step towards the centre of the room; my foot slipped, and as I staggered to recover myself, I tripped against something, and fell upon it. The noise of my fall had evidently excited attention below stairs, for the talking became much louder, but I heeded it not, being eager to ascertain what this new object might be. I stretched out my arm as I lay, and the first thing I felt was a man’s hand! My God! how the blood chilled in my veins! It was cold—deadly cold—and stiff and rigid. I gasped in apprehension, and a cold sweat flowed over my forehead. I passed my hand along his arm, and felt the collar of his coat; it was covered with—blood!—it *must* be blood—it *was* blood! His chest was bare

—his shirt had been torn asunder—I doubted—trembled—drew back—but my curiosity overcame my fears; I passed my hand higher—higher still—I touched his neck—it had the same clammy feel—I raised my fingers slowly—dreading to place them down again—they sank into a gash! Quick as lightning, as if they had been stung by an asp, I drew them out again. I started to my feet, and for some minutes remained transfixed with horror. The fatal truth overwhelmed me. I was in a room with a murdered man, in the house of the murderers! It was horrible—too horrible to contemplate, and my intellect was almost paralyzed. Thought was swallowed up in dismay; sense and motion were benumbed by doubt and terror!

“I was awakened from my dream by the hubbub below, and immediately that I recovered the use of my faculties, my desire was to escape. Fortunately for me—or it seemed so—the clouds brake at this moment, and the apartment became light enough for me to descry a table, a chair, and some other articles of furniture. Knowing that this must be the upper room of the house, I conceived the idea of getting, if possible, through the roof; fear now lent activity to my faculties, and no sooner was the idea entertained than I endeavoured to put it into practice.

“I stood upon the table, and found that as the roof was low, I could reach it with ease. It was not plastered on the inside, but the wooden pins that fixed the slates projected beyond the laths. I was delighted at making this discovery; and working with too little caution, I had, in a few minutes, knocked out several slates, which fell, as I heard, with a crash on the pavement below. I stopped for a moment, fearing that the noise might have drawn attention to my movements; nor was I wrong; I heard the front door open, and instantly after, footsteps at the bottom of the stairs. Despair gave me fresh energy; heedless of detection, I knocked out several more by one violent blow, and seeing that the hole thus made was large enough to admit my body, I raised myself with a spring, and my shoulders projected above the roof. I struggled, both with arms and legs, to raise the lower part of my body—the effort, though short, was intense; I heard voices at the door—I made a desperate spring and fixed my knee upon a cross-beam. I was almost free—the door was broken open—lights instantly flashed through the room. ‘Seize him! seize him! or he will get through the roof!’ cried the woman Susan. The slates slid from under me—I made another effort. I was drawing my leg through the aperture, when a powerful hand grasped me by the ankle. I kicked violently, but a sudden wrench drew me back precipitately through the roof. My soul quailed for a moment, but it was only for a moment: the sense of the injustice that would be practised upon me roused all my energies, and I defended my innocence before the constables (for such they were who had seized me) with the utmost vehemence of indignation. They, resolving not to know much about the matter at present, desired me to hold my tongue, as I respected my own safety, and to follow them; and in five minutes from the time of my capture I was on my way to the prison.

“Yes, I was seized by the officers of justice, and taken to prison as a murderer. I made no resistance, for conscious of my innocence, I

could not believe that this circumstance could have a fatal termination. Hope was strong in my bosom, and though I saw no certain or even probable means of escape, yet I relied on my own rectitude. I was thrown into a dungeon, or what was little better than one—a room whose walls had been once whitewashed, but were now green and damp; the plaster had been broken down in many places, by former prisoners—with perhaps no more evil design than that of making occupation, and diverting their thoughts. There was one small window whose office was to shut out the light rather than admit it, for it was covered with filth and cobwebs within, and crossed by thick iron bars without. The roof was clouded by various marks denoting the ingress of the chilly elements: the floor was boarded, but the planks were rotten; and the pattering of tiny feet around me during the night informed me that beneath them was the habitation of rats. I had no time to cultivate their acquaintance, or I might have found them—in the spirit of true philosophy—agreeable companions. In one corner of this vile abode was a heap of straw, and the remnants of a blanket which the unambitious generosity of the jailer had placed there for my comfort; a pewter platter, a paralytic stool, and a chain and fetters, completed the furniture of my apartment. It was a prison of former days, and a provincial prison too; thanks to the good, the divine Howard, such scenes of cruelty, judicial cruelty, exist no more.

“The buoyancy of my spirits fled as my indignation cooled, and as I gradually felt the blighting influence of my miserable habitation. Despair, crowned with terrors, reigned over my mind. I began to appreciate the danger of my situation; I saw the circumstantial probabilities that would weigh against me—the fact of my being found in the same room with the murdered man—of my endeavouring to escape—of my detection in the act. I felt the dreadful force of these considerations—I knew of no means of refuting the allegations. I sank upon the floor, wearied and chilled in body, and harassed, exhausted, and overwhelmed with mental agony.

“The morn brake; but the sunbeams that struggled through the cobwebs, shone upon a miserable man. Fearing the result of these unforeseen circumstances, I began to desire, earnestly, to see my friends; or even one to whom I could communicate my unhappiness, and plan some measures for my future exculpation. While my thoughts were deeply agitated by these feelings, my jailer, to my surprise, withdrew the heavy bolts of my cell, and before he had time to acquaint me with the object of his visit, my affectionate and anxious Jane rushed forward and sprang into my arms. She said nothing; but her head sank upon my shoulder, and she sobbed deeply—bitterly. It was some moments before I could command utterance, for my soul was overwhelmed with joy and consternation; when, however, I felt capable of expressing my thoughts, I eagerly inquired how it was she had so soon gained a knowledge of my situation? whether she believed the alleged charge? what could be done for my acquittal? Many other questions I put; but they were confused, and mixed with wailings and objurgations. Jane spake not, however, for several minutes; and the jailer, who seemed affected by her grief, meanwhile quitted the room.

“ ‘Not a word of it ! not a word of it !’ said she, as the man turned his back. ‘You are innocent, I am sure.’

“ ‘I am, I am !’ I exclaimed, and pressed her to my heart.

“ ‘There ! time flies,’ returned she, hastily removing herself from my embrace. ‘I have not come to see you unprepared. The news of your capture has spread far and wide, and I am informed of all the circumstances. You cannot escape, for this evening the coroner’s inquest will be held ; and unless something is done meanwhile, nothing can save you—nothing.’

“ ‘The girl stopped, and the tears trickled down her cheeks.’” Mrs. Hartshorn seemed much affected at the remembrance of the scene, and the Major and Manlove both regarded her with a benignant glance.

The Doctor continued :—“ ‘Hope sprang into my bosom, for I saw that the dear girl entertained some scheme for my delivery. ‘Look,’ continued she, drawing a pair of scissors from the bosom of her dress, ‘you must disguise yourself as much as you can, in order that the witnesses may not be able to swear to your identity, and they may be easily deceived, unless you have been formerly acquainted with them.’

“ ‘I thought that a shadow of suspicion passed over her features as she made this observation, and immediately assured her that, until last night, I was perfectly ignorant of the parties. Her countenance beamed with joy, and she instantly commenced the art of the *tonseur* by clipping off my whiskers and jaggng my hair, in a strange wild manner. She gave me also a huge red comforter, which she twisted round my neck, and made me tie on a white collar (though she had discretion enough to soil it that it might appear worn), instead of the striped one in which I had been hitherto apparelled. These and other minor alterations considerably changed my appearance ; and my temporary valet seemed pleased with the metamorphosis she had made, for, when the jailer entered, soon after, she departed with less distress of mind than might have been expected. Before, however, that officer came, I had taken the precaution to put on my cap and pull down the ear-pieces, so that no suspicion might be raised in his mind, during his cursory glance. Indeed, I believe he scarcely looked towards me, being more occupied with the attractions of my faithful Jane.

“ ‘Not satisfied with the arrangements already made, this affectionate girl went on board the *Griper*, stated my situation to the captain, and requested him to bear witness to my general good conduct. Although that gentleman knew little, or perhaps nothing, of me, yet, under the circumstances, he did not object to speak in my favour, and moreover ordered the middies ashore, in order that they might give evidence of the manner in which we had spent the day, and of the accident by which I had become separated from them. How much my dear Jane,” turning to his wife, “do I owe to your sagacity and energy !”

“ ‘Ay, I loved you *then* dearly,” returned the wife ; and although there seemed to be a covert satire lurking in the remark, yet she meant none ; nay, she thought only of the past, and her heart was full.

“ ‘The evening at length arrived, and I was summoned before the

coroner; but why need I linger on the subject? There was a number of persons seated on benches around the room; and I, who had been removed temporarily from a sort of dock, was placed amongst them. The prosecutrix was brought in. 'Can you swear to the prisoner?' inquired the coroner. 'I can.' 'Point him out!' The woman looked keenly around the room, dropped her eye on one, then on another, then on myself, and passed to the next, a fourth, fifth, and after much hesitation fixed on Jem Burton, my jovial friend! Jem, at first, reddened with indignation, then looked as if he should not hesitate long to commit murder on the prosecutrix. The woman Nancy was brought in; she was dejected, and declared in tears that she could not swear to the prisoner. I was acquitted, triumphantly acquitted, of the foul charge; and, before I left the court, pressed my kind Jane, weeping with joy, to my grateful heart.

"The inquiry, however, did not end here; matters afterwards elapsed, which, together with the information I gave in court, created suspicion. A serious investigation ensued. Nancy, the unhappy accessory, overwhelmed by anguish and contrition, confessed her crime. She stated, that a quarrel had occurred between deceased and Susan on account of the jealousy of the latter; that she had assisted Susan in avenging herself on the man; but that Susan, infuriated with rage, and dreading lest the deceased should rise again and punish her, had taken a knife and cut his throat while he lay upon the ground. Susan was afterwards hanged for murder, according to the laws of the land.

"I," continued the doctor, "immediately after the trial, sailed for the coast of Africa, and I never again saw my good Jane until my arrival in London a few years ago; and though I have been long making up my mind to get married, yet, I believe, this story will justify my choice."

The major was perfectly reconciled, and congratulated the worthy member with much warmth of heart.

VERSES TO ———.

I was not young when first we met—
 My years compared with thine—
 But on my memory lingers yet—
 Like twilight when the sun hath set—
 The joys that then were mine.

I gazed on thee, but not as one,
 By heedless folly led—
 The race of boyhood I had run—
 And I with love's romance had done,
 Esteeming thee instead.

But worldly wisdom scorned to deem
 A guileless passion mine—
 It saw the surface of the stream—
 Its crystal depths it did not dream
 So far away could shine.

And eyes that towards each other turned
 With pure devoted look,
 Have ceased to gaze, and hearts have mourned,
 A friendship which the while it burned,
 The world for love mistook.

But Time that mutely makes his way,
 Doth make it not unseen—
 With flower and shrub that bloom to day,
 The heart and brow alike decay,
 As they had never been.

And memory were a hidden store
 Of sweet and sacred things—
 But like a tree enamelled o'er,
 It yieldeth but a tithe the store
 Of its rich blossomings.

For in its bloom a canker lies
 Which dooms it to decay,
 As fleecy clouds beneath the skies
 To nothing melt, as doth arise
 And spread the blush of day.

But not upon my heart—if thine—
 Can Time his signet set—
 My feelings towards thee still incline,
 While green spots in the desert shine,
 I never may forget.

G. B.

PERSIAN REMINISCENCES.

No. 20.—*Futtee Ali Shah.*

THE late King of Persia is most gracefully introduced on the canvass of history by Mr. Morier, in his "Zhorab." I will fancy him seated on his "musnud" of royalty, bearing his "jika" of monarchy, and girded with the imperial girdle of despotism, which was in October, 1798. The young Prince was at Shiraz at the time of his uncle's death, from whence he was summoned by the Grand Vizier, Hadjii Ibrahim, who took instant measures for his succession to the throne. Whether the many striking instances of the precarious fortunes of princes in Persia—that devastating waste of life and eyes which had marked the reign of "Agha Mahomed Shah"—had harrowed the young prince's mind, or whether by nature he was endowed with a merciful disposition, which was his general characteristic, suffice it, that the quiet tenor of his reign was marked with the mildest despotism of thirty-five years' duration; during which very long period (for Persia) order generally prevailed. Civilization followed in the train, and prosperity threw her broad mantle over Iran's thirsty soil, which had been before so stained with blood, so convulsed with strife, so disgraced by those horrid scenes, the recital of which is almost enough

"to make the two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres," that she deserved being blotted out of the map of nations. His Majesty began his reign with some slight deviations, certainly, from that clemency and justice which I have endeavoured to establish for him; but this, for Persia, is thought nothing of, and there is one thing to be admitted, that in the then semi-barbarous state of the country, the ascent to the throne was generally through streams of blood. All competitors must be cut off, or so mutilated as to render them incapable of holding the imperial diadem. The brother of the deceased Shah then lived, and had entered the lists of struggle for the empire. At this time the young King showed much personal courage, and his enemy was subdued, or rather was won over to surrender himself to his nephew, on his sacred oath that he would not put him to death; the oath was accepted, and he threw himself on the King's mercy. How did his Majesty observe his oath, and conscientiously, as he thought, that is for a Persian conscience? * He ordered the poor wretch to be shut up in a room, the doors and windows of which were bricked up, and there the King's uncle fell a prey to starvation, some part of the floor being found to have been dug up with his hands, seemingly to assuage the pangs of hunger. It was also said of him that one of his first orders on ascending the throne, was the execution of twelve thousand rebels at Casvine, and to have their heads rolled into the bazaars, of which they made a "kella minnar," or pillar of skulls, intending to impose respect on the people by this terrible example. This was but a trifling beginning of the reign of a Persian monarch. Another slight blot in the character of this royal "kajar" and I have done with the dark shades, from thence to the "mezzotinto," and on to garish day. The grand vizier of the late monarch, "Hadjii Ibrahim," had proved himself the devoted friend of the young King in many instances with his uncle; he was the first to proclaim the new Shah, and to bow the knee before him. A powerful rival to Hadjii poured into the royal ear the leprosy of jealousy against the minister, aided by a golden bribe, to have him displaced, and for the confiscation of his great wealth. A fearful proof

"How quickly nature
Falls to revolt when gold becomes her object."

Gratitude for the services of the faithful minister soon melted in the royal breast at the shrine of avarice—that prevailing curse of the Persian character, and seemingly so from the earliest ages, when we see that the King Ahasuerus consented to sacrifice the whole of the Jews to Haman for ten thousand talents of silver. Some pretence was necessary to degrade and punish the minister. It was soon found, and the Shah, in his pretended ire, ordered his eyes to be cut out. Poor Hadjii felt sensibly the ingratitude and injustice of the monarch, some expressions of which escaped him; the King, now in his real ire, ordered his tongue to be cut out—this being done, the minister inveighed more loudly than ever against the inhumanity of the King. (I have already shown, by Reminiscence No. 13, that the speech is not impaired if the tongue is cut out at the root.) The minister was

* I know of no word in their language which signifies "conscience;" and if there be any, it must be of the most latitudinarian dimensions.

removed, and the King beginning to relent for his cruelties, it alarmed the wretch who had been the cause of them, and lest he might be impeached, he ordered one of the "Faroshes" to dispatch him. It is not true, as some historians assert, that the King ordered the execution of his minister; but, on the contrary, he for a long time sincerely deplored the loss of this upright and faithful servant. That custom of punishment by mutilation in Persia prevails even in the present day—the hand of the thief is cut off, they say to prevent repetition of his crime—the tongue of the blasphemer is cut out, and so on. I trace a great many of the Persian customs to those of the Mosaic dispensations. In this case I see nothing similar beyond that of "Adonibezek," who, when he fled, "they pursued him, and cut off his thumbs and his great toes."

The avarice of the Shah I have already alluded to; but am not surprised when I consider the extent of his harem establishment, which approached pretty near to that of Solomon's, including servants, eunuchs, &c., I have heard it estimated that there were fifteen hundred persons to be daily "salted with the salt of the palace." Again, the Shah was a family man, in the broad acceptance of the term; indeed, it may be said that "his Most Despotic Majesty" was the richest man in the world in family ties. It never could be ascertained, I believe, even by himself, the extent of his possessions in this respect, since it was not an uncommon thing to have two or three born to him the same night. The rank of propinquity (about which the Persians are so very particular) must in that case have been dubious; since no scarlet thread could be tied around the finger of the elder born, where they proceed not from the same mother.* I have heard of an hundred and fifty sons, and as many daughters. The precocious Persian youth, and the still more precocious maiden, who is often married at from twelve to fifteen years of age, soon glide into the noose of matrimony, and the consequences are generally numerous. His Majesty was blessed with the third and fourth generations, and, as I have observed, the family ties could never be told. I have heard them estimated at twelve hundred!† The King was considered to have been the handsomest man in his dominions, and this is saying a great deal (though by no means an oriental trope, since the Persians are a remarkably fine race of people); the most dignified in his manners, and the most amiable in disposition; and, as his subjects said of him, "to have arrived at the summit of power, and to inhabit the mansions of wisdom and understanding." The following anecdote I think will prove his kindly feelings, as related to me by the doctor alluded to. Another "kajar" came to light—the mewling infant sickened, with symptoms of premature decay. It could scarcely be imagined that the monarch's care should be occupied with matters of so trifling moment—but it was so. With much anxiety to preserve the infant, other medical assistance was called in, and, as the doctor informed me, the King's

* "And it came to pass when she travailed, that the one put out his hand, and the midwife took and bound upon his hand a scarlet thread, saying this came out first, and his name was called Zareh."

† Some travellers in Persia estimate them by thousands, to which I would say, "fudge," with Mr. Burchell.

alarm was excessive; the unbidden tear stood in the royal socket, and he appeared agonized; the infant recovered, and the doctor was elevated to the first class of the "Lion and Sun." It is a general custom with the Persian kings to eat in solitary grandeur; the dishes are brought in, sealed with the cook's signet, signifying that they are not only wholesome, but unpoisoned. The late Shah would sometimes invite select portions of his family to breakfast with him; a dozen or two, as I have heard described by the by-stander. They squat around him in the form of a crescent, of which he is the centre; they are all placed scrupulously according to rank; the dishes are simple, consisting principally of the "narinj," or "pilau," the royal dish of Persia, composed principally of rice, with a chicken in the centre, or some savoury cotelettes. Their drink, the sherbet, is served up in splendid china or glass bowls, and drunk with wooden ladles, of excellent cunning work. Great temperance pervades Persian feeding, being unslaked with spirituous drinks; nature is merely sustained, not overloaded. The King would sometimes roll up a ball of rice, called a "lugmeh," in his hand, and choke it into the mouth of his favourite, who would swallow it with all deferential greediness.

Of Futtee Ali Shah it was said, that he was the richest man in the world, his personal treasury amounting to thirty millions sterling, besides jewels, pearls and precious stones, according to the Persian report, "by rooms full." Some remains of the plunder of the great freebooter Nadir Shah, from Delhi, remain to him, particularly the "Khor Nur" and the "Deriah Nur," those extraordinary diamonds called "the mountain of light" and "the sea of light," which form his "buzubends" or armlets, the distinguishing badges of Persian Majesty. I have heard it described by those who had witnessed it, that, to see him arrayed in his full splendour of sovereignty, it was almost too dazzling for "human ken." His "musnud" was worked with pearls, and his cushion studded with the same Persian ornaments of an enormous size. The crown increases in breadth upwards, and is adorned with three diamond plumes called the "jika," inscribed on the front, "Help from God and speedy victory." His dagger and girdle studded with diamonds. Then to see him,—

——— "As his guard of mutes
On the dread sovereign wait with eyes deject
And fixed on earth, no voice nor sound is heard
Within the wide serai, but all is hushed,
Mute and uncovered, and cowering low to earth."

His Majesty was a distinguished poet; "he could make the nightingale of the pen flutter about the full blown roses of the harem,"—

"Like orient pearls at random strung."

And he was a liberal patron of this genius in others: nay, it was related of him, that he was, at times, so "perfumed with the dew of liberality," as to give his poet laureat a thousand tomanas for each line of an ode containing twenty-three lines. The "rose and the nightingale" are the particular subjects of the poet's inspiration, of which they say, "the nightingale, if he sees the rose, becomes intoxicated." Here his Majesty had much of "the odour of reputation," as also for

princely gifts occasionally to one of his favourite wives—I heard of two strings of pearls, each costing *thirty thousand* tomauns. I have already shown that his Majesty had very materially thinned out his harem establishment during my being in Persia, conferring the ladies on his Khans as a mark of special favour. I have had many an argument with these polygamists; but what do they say! “Show me from holy writ that any crime attaches to the bigamist.” On the contrary, they tell me that Scripture warrants the custom. Lamech is the first we notice, of taking unto himself two wives—Adah and Zillah. Jacob had a second wife imposed upon him, it not being the custom at that time “to give the younger before the first-born.” I cannot find that this custom prevails now in Persia; but I *do* find that a man is bound to marry the widow of his deceased brother “in order to raise up seed unto his brother,” as Moses wrote, or as the Sadducees relate, that “the seven had her to wife.” Then they tell me of David and Solomon having numerous wives, and in their days, as at the present time in Persia, the royal harem formed the greatest part of the King’s expenditure. I have done with the subject, except to say, that I am a *leetle* inclined to the harem seclusion, but not to the full extent. In Persia, even sisters are not allowed to see their brothers after a certain age.

What then would be the astonishment of an Asiatic to be introduced at once to that garish view into the Rose Garden of Beauty, sometimes to be met with in English society—that beauty thus spoken of by the poet:—

“Oh what a pure and sacred thing
Is beauty curtained from the light
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light.”

His Majesty showed considerable ingenuity in keeping up what may be termed “the balance of power” amongst his numerous sons, all governors of provinces, so that they might not weaken the supreme authority, vested in himself, of which he was very jealous. The Governor of Shiraz was never entirely subject to him; and his last expedition was against his contumacious son at Ispahan, in search of the tribute money. Of Abbas Mirza he was also jealous, not trusting him with the means of paying the troops, but sending it to the charge of an English major. The numerous offspring of the Shah could not boast of much family concord amongst themselves; where they are not born of the same mother, they are any thing but brethren; their interests were so conflicting, and all drawing upon the Shah’s resources, that I am inclined to deem his avarice to savour somewhat of prudence, and not altogether of rapacity.

His Majesty had a very high opinion of his own dignity and splendour. The Persians have a great deal of that “overweening vanity” or happy delusion which is so beguiling in this life of delusion. At an audience once granted to an ambassador, who was much struck with his imposing magnificence, “I wish him joy,” said the King, “he has now seen every thing!” His Majesty terminated his mortal career, after a long and prosperous reign of thirty-five years, at Ispahan, aged

seventy-five years, on the 23rd of October, 1835; during which time, Persia had wonderfully progressed in civilization. It was attributed to the severity of the King—his love of justice, and facility of access, that good order was established, and his government respected. Of this great and good monarch (for Persia) all that can be now said of him is,—

“A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
’Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.”

The Titles of the Shah of Persia.

The Persians have almost a sacred respect for their sovereign, calling him “Zil Allah,” or, “The Almighty’s Shadow.” They esteem the very ground on which he sits to be holy; and obey the divine command to Moses, “Put off thy shoes from off thy feet.” They call him also, “Hazret,” which signifies, Presence, Majesty or Highness. He is the Vicegerent of Omnipotence upon Earth—the Most Lofty of Living Men—the Source of Majesty, of Grandeur, of Honour, and of Glory—whose Throne is the Stirrup of Heaven—Equal to the Sun, and Brother of the Moon and of the Stars—the King of Kings—Agent of Heaven in this World—Object of the Vows of all Mortal Men—Disposer of Good and of all Great Names—the Master of Destiny—Chief of the Most Excellent Seat of the Universe, sitting in the Seat of the first temporal Being (Mahomet)—the greatest and the most splendid Prince of the Faithful—born and sprung from the Throne which is the only Throne of the Earth—King of the First Rank—Monarch of Sultans and of the Sovereigns of the Universe—First Noble of the most ancient Nobility—King—Son of a King—Emperor of all Corporeal Beings—Lord of the Revolutions of the World—Father of Victories—the Centre of the Universe, &c. &c. &c.

What a commentary do I find to all this splendour of mental hallucinations in the words of our poet:—

“Earth’s highest station ends in ‘Here he lies,’
And ‘dust to dust’ concludes her noblest song.”*

No. 21.—Caravan Travelling.

This being an assemblage of merchants and travellers congregating together for mutual protection;—there is always, to a certain degree, some danger when going over the Turkish and Persian soil, which arises from that restless and untameable nomadic population, called “Kourds,” inhabiting the frontiers of those countries, despising all authority, governed by none. During my being at “Arz Roum,” they were flying about in all directions, taking advantage of an unarmed population, and almost to the gates of the city committing

* In the burial of their kings they had formerly a superstitious custom in Persia, in order to prevent any enchantment being practised on the body: three stately coffins were prepared exactly alike, in one of which the royal clay was deposited; one was sent to Koom, another to Ardebiz, and the third to Mecht; but in which of these coffins lay the kingly remains was never known. It may be presumed that his late Majesty lies at Koom, since he had given directions for the repairs of the tomb a short time only before his decease.

their depredations.* Thirty travellers had just presented themselves, plundered and stripped to the skin. There being, at length, ready about a hundred and fifty people, we formed our caravan of a most motley group, both of man and beast, that was perhaps ever assembled. I was the only European amongst them, and consequently some object of the vacant stare of the muleteers, who always afford me much amusement. The leading camel, led by a donkey, was adorned with much frippery of coloured beads and bits of glass about the head and ears, the knees, and saddle housings, &c. : of this the "chaoush," or leader of the caravan, is very proud; and as it moves on at funereal pace, there is plenty of time to smoke the pipe of reflection, whilst the sound of the camels' bells are sonorously issuing from the ravines, the train sometimes occupying a half-mile in length; the day's travel being determined either by the pasture to be found for the cattle, which is free to all comers if it be summer, or to the village supply of provender, if in the winter. As to the travellers' accommodation, that is the last thing thought of, and "to sleep with your horse" is the general order of the day. I never slept better than in a warm stable, amidst curry-comb music and clouds of dust; there is generally a small raised platform at one end of it with a chimney, and this is "the traveller's rest." Then for provisions, bread, milk, and eggs are generally to be found; and the "muffrush" or wallet, ought to contain rice, coffee, sugar, tobacco, &c. or he must go without. The incidents are rather monotonous—the loading and unloading—mending the packsaddle—of bivouacking—the sundry fires for cooking their pilau, the night arrangements; the muleteers have a busy time of it, catching every momentary interval for their favourite "tchibook."

At Delli-Baba, we fell in with the Turkish troops, and such a rank and file I suppose was never marched to Coventry,—bare-legged, badly-slipped, armed and unarmed. (I should observe that at this time, the Russians were invading the Turkish territory, which made it very difficult for a "Ferengy" stranger to pass on.) The moment they saw me, "Ruski" was sounded out, and all the village was in alarm, dogs included, and I was immediately surrounded by rank and file; they took me as "spying out the nakedness of the land," and nothing more probable amongst the ignoramuses who knew not English from "Ruski;" in fact, they have but one term for all Europeans, "Ferengy." What was to be done? I sat quietly on my horse, laughing both with and at them; they eyed and pulled me about to see if I was of the same species with themselves, grinning through their leathern countenances at having made of me "lawful prize." In the mean time, the village divan was summoned, the Agha or chief presided, and the colonel of the troops was one of the leading members. I never could find out whether I was tried judicially or court-martially. My friend, the Khan, was amongst them, urging and arguing for my release, and threatening them with his high displeasure, in case they

* It was formerly the custom of the Pasha of this city, on capturing any number of Koords, to send up their heads, salted, in sacks, to Constantinople, to be laid at the gate of the Seraglio.

detained me. How that displeasure was to have been expressed I never heard, since we were only five or six of us against a whole village, and rank and file I don't know how many. I was at length called in, and astonished to find myself of such importance, making quite a noise in the Turkish world. The divan was assembled in a hot stable, with air holes here and there to emit Turkish effluvia, which was of very varied quality, including tobacco smoke. I had therefore some difficulty to discover how many were the gentlemen of the jury; I think there must have been fifty squatting down on the straw and dung, amongst whom I came in with all possible "nonchalance," throwing my whip about as much as to say, "who dares to affront me!" I squatted myself near to the Agha, and laughed to the Khan, and said, "What is going on—I'll not stop here any longer." "Stop," said he, "no such hurry;" and then explained, of what I was before ignorant, my being taken for a "Rusky spy." Most fertile in expedients, I never saw him daunted by difficulties, and after adopting a variety of arguments to endeavour to persuade them to the contrary, he hit upon it, that I was an "Elchee," carrying important dispatches into Persia. This gave quite a new turn to the affair, for the name of "Elchee" is always respected amongst these ignorant people. It was somewhat surprising to me to find myself travelling in the diplomatic line; and though I could not quite understand it, yet the Turks certainly did; and then as if wanting to confirm this statement, they asked "what was the news contained in my dispatches." This was a poser even to the fertile Khan; however, he recovered himself, and said "it was as much as his head was worth to communicate their contents, but that they were of great importance." I was then immediately established in their high consideration; the tide of contempt had turned into the tide of respect. The Agha took his pipe from his mouth and offered it to me, which is the pledge of friendship—I had nothing for it but to put it to my mouth, which I thought was paying dear enough for his friendship. Had I declined doing so, it would have been a declaration of war. The members of the divan seeing this, immediately moved off, and I, with all possible official importance, made my way through the crowded villagers; one held my stirrup, another my bridle-rein, and I galloped off with the Khan to overtake the caravan which had preceded us.

At another village we found an assemblage of similar troops, so we went to pay our respects to the colonel, whom we found in a stable, smoking, and giving his orders to a numerous train of bare-legged soldiers surrounding the door. He was very polite; the Khan put him in good humour by saying the "Ruskis were fast going to 'Jehannum,'" at which he laughed, singing out "Mash allah." He ordered a stable to be cleaned out for us, and came to pay us a visit, being anxious, it appeared, for another gazette. We received him amidst curry-comb and horse-dust. I established myself in the manger, which was rather capacious; the colonel smoked with us one or two pipes, and then took his leave. The pipe-bearer is a most important personage, and is first on the staff, in preference, I imagine, to the adjutant-general. Leaving the stable odours at three o'clock the next morning, we went to rejoin the caravan, which had gathered on its

way to about double the original complement of men and beasts, there being, I should think, three hundred of each, the latter comprising camels, mules, donkeys and buffaloes. There were muleteers, camel-teers, merchants, and travellers, and I the only "Ferengy," amongst them, issuing out of the dell with most amusing confusion. One silver star lit up the scene, and that which of all things surprises an ignorant people, the "star shoots," were most numerous,* as passing a rocky bed on which the stream was pouring down in jumping haste, men and cattle, almost in the dark, groping about in various detachments—the muleteers hallooing, the camel bells ringing, and sending their long echoes through the valleys—the scene was so perfectly original, and the incidents so amusing, that it requires a much more graphic pen than mine to bring them to light. When the "eye-lids of the morning" were opened, and "Nature had put off her night-clothes," the interest of the scene was much increased; there was the heavily laden ass rolling down the steep, load and all, into the stream below; the horse disengaging his burden, and making off to the confines of freedom: thus, over hill and dale we continued a sinuous way, sometimes rich—sometimes barren on the surface, with little nooks here and there so richly Octobered as to offer many interesting pages of nature's beauties; and it was an amusing sight to witness this long train of caravan clambering over the hills for more than a mile in length, the muleteers sounding out their discordant notes, the noise of which was enough, I thought, to frighten the camels. They are a patient, joyous sort of people, these muleteers, though but little removed from the cattle in their food or attire;—they eat barley as well as the horse, they sleep in the same stable with the horse, their jacket of the roughest possible cloth, their feet tied up in bags with rope sandals, and yet withal they are cheerful and happy; only give them a pipe of tobacco, and they'll kiss the hem of your garment.

Under the mountains of Dehar we bivouacked. The cattle were turned adrift to find their own food. Our hammock was formed by bales of goods, piled around as a sort of protection from the wandering donkeys. Here our carpets were spread, and the various groups, with about twenty fires burning on the ground,—black camelteers, with their white turbans,—swarthy looking Persians, all occupied in cooking their "pilau," tying up their sandals, or mending the pack-saddles, it was a very busy scene, and strictly oriental. I fancied at first that I should have no sleep, as on laying down I saw only "the spacious firmament on high," but splendidly lit up with "Nature's brilliants;" but I soon found out that

" ————— Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard."

The next morning we progressed toward "Toprach Kaleh," when in

* The falling stars or meteors, are considered by the Persians to be the blows of angels on the heads of devils who would pry into Paradise. The fall of the angels in heaven they attribute to their being informed of God's intention to create man after his own image, and to dignify human nature by Christ's assuming it: some of them thinking their glory to be eclipsed, envied man's happiness, and so revolted.

view of the fort, a gun was fired to announce horsemen in the distance. The garrison was all in arms, signals were flying, off ran the muleteers, camelteers, "sauve qui peut," and just as we were galloping down the hill——

I have had much experience in caravan travelling, having spent countless hours in this pastime. On looking over my Journal, I find myself on the mountains of "Teches," the celebrated pass of the "ten thousand." The ascent had been long and steep; the loaded cattle climbed the hills with great difficulty, and we had passed through forests of the "rhododendron," with here and there the most beautiful sloping lawns, lit up by a brilliant sun, which contrasted with the dark foliage of the fir and the brown beech skirting the hill-tops. It was indeed a bright page of wild uncultivated nature. The rhododendron fed the bees which poisoned the Greeks, and I understand that the flower of this plant is now equally noxious. Historic recollections now crowded upon me as I reached the place where Xenophon and his followers first saw the sea, the object which could alone pacify a grumbling soldiery after their long and disastrous retreat: the spot was beautiful, and in the October month,

"—— The vault was blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below."

The rhododendron was clothed in its autumn tints. This plant is a species of laurel, bearing a purple flower—beautiful to the eye, but treacherous even to death. The poet's description is very just, which where I have met with I don't know. If memory serves me right—

"On pine-clad hills and dusky plains,
In silent state rhododendron reigns;
And spreads in beauty's softest blooms,
Her purple glories through the glooms."

As I gave a parting glance to the sea,—here, thought I, stood Xenophon, with his immortal band, in sight of the goal of his toils and dangers, the relation of which by the historian is so animating! What must then the reality have been? I stood on the very rock from whence the sea first gladdened his longing eyes. There can be no doubt of its identity; geography never changes in this country; 'tis called "the mountain of the ten thousand;" it was a very narrow pass, scarcely to be deemed a bridle-path—I speak of the very summit—with mountain boundaries of fanciful shapes, here and there clothed with snow. There was a sort of gloomy majesty in the solitary grandeur, disturbed only by the towering eagles, many of which I saw of an enormous size. I do love these ups and downs in the world; they are pleasanter to me than the smooth path. Nor does this apply to travelling *merely*; there were many objects of interest in this part, independent of Nature's grandeur. On a towering peak on our left stood some remains of a Genoese castle, famed as the rendezvous of the crusaders, led on by Peter the Hermit. I was interested in tracing fragments mixed up with the history of the times of "Cœur de Lion." Here would have been a fine scope for Dominee's researches, since the Genoese castles, of which there are many remains in this part

of Asia Minor, were the undoubted resorts of the champions of the cross. A German "savant," "Dr. Schultz," an "employé" of the French government, whose acquaintance I had made at Constantinople, scaled many of the walls of these ruins. He copied inscriptions. Most of the characters, as he told me, were "arrow headed:" he made many valuable discoveries.* I had no time to devote to mouldering columns—the caravan never waits for antiquaries; by me the dust which buried them was never rubbed off. There is nothing surprises the Turks so much as to see the "Ferengys" climbing old walls, turning up grave-stones, and ripping open, as it were, the womb of gone-by time. What does *he* know about antiquities! who has no idea of any age beyond that of his grandfather, and is as well acquainted with Alexander the Great as with Alexander the copper-smith.

In a little nook of friendly shelter, we sat down to discuss our breakfast, not amounting even to "a salad and an egg," as Cowper says, but a few nuts, some apples, and a morsel of bread—our thirst slaked from a neighbouring brook. What matters it, so that the chinks are filled up and nature satisfied! At one place we were attended by a guard of Turks, where the defile was considered dangerous. Our bare-legged cohort looked very fierce, carrying short clumsy guns, which occasionally, in those rocky passes where banditti might possibly lurk, they would discharge, the reverberating sounds from which Echo took up, and sent from rock to rock with amusing continuity. We

* The name of "Schultz" demands from me a momentary tribute to his memory. To collect antiquities in the east, and to make researches in the Oriental languages, he was sent out by the French government. Travel difficulties assailed him from the first, in consequence of the then existing war between Persia and Russia: from "Arz Roum" he was driven back by the plague; at Teflis he was detained six months by fever, and at length he reached Tabreez in June, 1829, after three years' journeyings to and fro, and I was the first to welcome him to that city. In the following October he set out for Roumia, being partly inhabited by the "Nas-suramees," a sect of the Nestorian Christians of the most ancient race, and possessing many books and writings very interesting to an antiquary; it is partly inhabited by Kourds also, but neither of them owing allegiance to Turks nor Persians. The chief of the Kourds at Djulamenek is the descendant of the ancient Caliphs of Bagdad, and pretends a claim to the throne of Turkey. These people live contentedly in their own country, which is almost inaccessible. They are very jealous of any one coming amongst them, particularly "Franks:" this was at a moment too, when the Russians were extending their conquests near to this country. Dr. Schultz, contrary to the advice of all his friends, would go to the town of Djulamenek; he was very well received, and treated with much hospitality by the chief, who appointed him an escort to return, intimating that the roads were dangerous. On arriving at the confines of their territory he was shot in the back by his own escort, and with some of his people thus murdered; another made his escape to Tabreez with the melancholy intelligence, where it created great sensation. The Prince declared that he would take vengeance on the barbarians, but I never heard that he did so. The poor doctor was much esteemed by all who knew him, possessing such a fund of closet and worldly knowledge; ardent in his pursuit of antiquities, neither mountains nor ravines checked him, and he would climb a time-shriven pillar with all the energy of a Syntax to decypher a motto, or to copy a hieroglyphic. I trust that his papers have been preserved, and that the public might yet be gratified by the publication of his interesting researches; amongst others, was a specimen of the Kourdish gospels, in the translation of which Bishop Schevrrir, at Roumia, was also engaged, as well as the Acts and Epistles in Kourdish.

had from fifteen to twenty of them scattered through the caravan; and as I never failed to be an object of interest amongst them, I cultivated their acquaintance as well as I could by some little pecuniaries in the way of tobacco, and had always one or two at my side, chaunting away their wild notes, and looking upon me, I thought, more as a hostage than a free traveller. I have some lurking partiality for this wilderness life: though I know nothing about crowds and etiquette in what is called "the great world." Give me the greater world, whose canopy is heaven—whose bounds are boundless!

"Are not the mountains, waves and skies
A part of me, and of my soul, as I of them?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart,
With a pure passion? —"

On looking again into my Journal I find myself at Avajek, the frontier station between Persia and Turkey. Now there is always danger at this pass from the Kourds, who are hovering about in all directions. Being quite alone on this occasion, I brought a letter of acquaintance to the Khan of the village, who could neither speak nor write Persian. I should observe that since the Turkish invasion of Persia, their language has never been withdrawn from it; on the contrary, in the whole of ancient Media it is the most generally spoken. The Mirza soon arrived, who was eyes and tongue to the Khan, when I was taken into favour, a stable cleared out for me, and such supplies ordered in as the humble village would afford. My demand for escort was granted, some fifteen men—these were fierce-looking mountaineers, being Kourds, and as they were drilled in before me to have my approval, I was struck with their grotesque appearance, well armed, and with that ignorant stare, and prepared, as I thought, for any sort of prey that might offer—even those whom they were appointed to convoy, in case there was no other. However, it won't do to mistrust *those* whose protection you seek; so marshalling my little band, I took the centre, assuming all possible importance, and thus we dashed off for the mountains. The wild features of this rocky district it is rather difficult to depict: they were not exactly those which I have previously described, but had a sort of savage hue repulsive to man and beast; here the bandit finds his hiding-place, here the wild Kourd, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him," wages war against his fellows; and slowly surmounting the towering passes, you expect a surprise every moment of that uncourteous kind which the strong make against the feeble, the armed upon the defenceless. I kept my eye steadily fixed upon my guards; one of them I strongly suspected; he had a stubby beard, which, to me, is indicative of a bad soil. On arriving at a difficult ravine, he fired a gun, which was answered by a party below; helter-skelter off they ran—and I was left alone, like a partridge on the mountains.

(ANOTHER PAGE IN MY JOURNAL.)

I am just now at the bottom of the "Koflan Khu," already spoken of as dividing "Irak Adjemi" from ancient Media. After a precipitate descent, having to cross a crumbling bridge over the muddy river of the "Kizzil-ozzan," our way lay through some rich pasturage, and

finally by a fine beaten road to the village of Arkand; there was a good "manzel" or post-house, the water was abundant, and this was a promise of every thing else in the way of provisions. It was at this village formerly that an ambassador met with so rough a reception, and was actually beaten out of it with all his party: the villagers not only refused them all supplies, but kept them off by force of arms. The Persian custom has always been for the foreign ambassadors and distinguished strangers to travel with a "sadir" or order from the Shah, to furnish him and his suite with forage and all other necessities on the road, addressed to the different "Khans" and "Ketkodehs" of the villages through which they may pass; such travellers being attended by a "Mehmandar" or conductor, bearing this "sadir," and whose duty it is to procure the supplies and to pass them on their journey. These "Mehmandars" are so very arbitrary and oppressive, that they drive the poor villagers sometimes into rebellion, even against Majesty's order; they not only levy the requisites, but so much beyond it that they make a large profit of their journey; such a temptation to plunder is almost irresistible to the Persians. How far this "Mehmandar" had been known to the villagers I cannot say, but they mounted the roofs of their houses well armed, and absolutely kept him at bay and all his suite, and the insult thus shown to the ambassador, the Persian government had not the power to redress. Fine promises were made of extirpating these "sons of burnt fathers," and I don't know what; but nothing was done, the usual mode of settlement in this country.

This village showed dreadful waste of plague a year or two before; it appeared to contain more ruins than tenements; the crumbling walls were becoming "dust to dust," and gaunt-eyed Desolation seemed to have driven her ploughshare through it. The remaining villagers were cheerful, there is such an elasticity in the Persian character, as I have shown; from the "Khelaut" to the "Felek" is not an uncommon transition, and they rise again unsubduable.

The caravanseries in Persia are of a very miscellaneous description; some of them have been built and endowed by private persons, since the Persians are very ambitious of posthumous fame; their desire of acquiring this leads them to build caravanseries, which are consecrated to hospitality and a refuge for the stranger—some of them heavy, massive buildings, put together seemingly to defy time. The most respectable which I have yet seen is near the Sibley Pass, said to have been built by "Shah Abbas," who was famous for his public works in Persia, particularly for the great causeway which runs from Keskar, in the south-west corner of the Caspian, to Asterabad, a distance of more than three hundred English miles. This caravansery was of brick-work, massive to the extreme, and the arches of that beautiful symmetry which so characterises Persian masonry. It was of an immense extent; I lost myself in its intricacies; and so dark, being lit only by air-holes here and there, which admitted but little light—at the door the smith was making shoes for all comers, and he seemed to have plenty to do. The keeper of this huge-looking prison, who expects a small fee, has generally a room fitted up for himself, and he waits upon travellers. Water was abundant. I don't recollect finding

any thing else at this "Traveller's Rest." At "Sershem" there were some remains only, but of great original extent and good architecture. I climbed the walls, hoping to find some nook within them habitable, if it was only for a breakfast; but withering Desolation had so completely made it her own, that it was strictly inhospitable to man or beast. Persia offers many other similar remains by the road side, intended to shelter the houseless, and as earnest of that hospitality enjoined by the Koran, such buildings having, in most cases, been erected at the expense of some good Musselman. The caravanseries within the towns are of a superior description to these. I have described the one at Casvine, where I lay for ten days; there was another at "Zengen," not so good, but habitable. There is a tolerably good print of this in "Knight's Pictorial Bible." This is more than I can say of the British residence at Tehran, which is any thing but correct, and I presume to say, that the artist never saw the original.* But the Turkish caravanseries are still worse. I have met with them on the most desolate places, at Ordessa, &c. a ruin of mud, not a human habitation near them, nor a being to welcome you, not even a cat. I was infected with the feeling of desolation, and could exclaim with the Persian poet, "What is the world but a caravansery, where each man occupies his chamber for a season."

No. 22.—The Takht Kajar.

This palace, which is considered to be one of the Persian lions, is situated about one fursek, or four miles, from Tehran, under the refreshing mountains of Shemiroun, within a large garden of the usual mud walls. The garden, though formal, was umbrageous and fruitful, and plentifully watered—the great source of all their luxuries. The sandy soil which one is obliged to pass from the city to it, is desperately fatiguing, in a climate at 97 Fahrenheit in the shade; but the moment you cross the little brook, from whence spring melons, grapes, and pomegranates, the wilderness smiles as it were, and the rose triumphs over the desert. The "Bauleh Kaneh" at the entrance bespoke neglect and spoil, two prominent agents under a despotic government, where all private interests are merged in the sovereign. This was a once favourite retreat of "Agha Mahomed Shah Koja," or "the eunuch," who Tiberius like, could here brood over past crimes of tyranny, and hatch for the future. A spacious avenue was intersected by a marble basin of tolerable workmanship, and some attempt at hydraulic display, but the thirsty lions gaped in drought, seeming to "blow wind and crack their cheeks." Continuing the line of path, I mounted a terrace so overgrown with intrusive weeds as to be no longer a bridle-path; here a dilapidated building bore strong marks of the Persian blight—there were tanks, waterfalls, &c. all in thirsty decay. The palace, built on a rock at the foot of the mountains, bore every semblance to a prison, evidently fortified against surprise or force, strongly indicative of the suspicious nature of its former occupant, and on

* Mr. C. Knight is not very happy in his eastern representations or descriptions, so far as I can speak personally, which in many of his scenes of Asia Minor, I am competent to do.

thundering at the brass gate, the hollow responses of the vaulted passages gave me a dreamy recollection of "Doubting Castle." I must confess that I had many doubts if I might commit myself within its precincts; however, as I was neither haunted with the fears of the tyrant, nor with the ghosts of his departed victims, I made my way into a large court which led to the baths all lined with marble, and farther on were the harem apartments; there were likewise other suites of rooms too numerous to enumerate, the whole well supplied with water. At the extremity of the court were two large halls painted in fresco, with numerous portraits of kings and heroes, magnificently attired in Oriental frippery: the "ensemble" gave me any idea but that of a royal residence; there was a muteness over the whole—the actors were all gone—they had drunk of the sherbet of eternity; the very walls appeared to have been as it were stricken with terror, and many a tale could they have told which would freeze up the blood, "and make creation groan with human guilt." I traversed two long dark galleries which led to the baths already alluded to; not a voice was heard, not even a "peish khedmet," or head servant, to welcome me with a "bismillah" to this once favourite resort of the "Shah Koja," so I made my way to the Shah's bed-chamber, which is ascended by a narrow staircase of fifteen steps, with windows opening on the court of the harem and in the gardens, with some rude paintings on the walls, and amongst them was that of a British Envoy, but without name or date. I inquired of my conductor, who resided in the building, who they were. "Ne my donam sahib," was his pithy reply. The different monarchs in their gorgeous array, looked "unutterable things," the "Koja," in particular, displaying much of that ferocity which I will do the Persian artists the justice to say they have always been faithful to in the representations which I have seen of him, and there is a rigidity of posture and fixedness of muscle, which is any thing but true to nature. Shades of Correggio and Rubens! thought I, could you have witnessed these dumb Shahs, you would have made hasty retreats into your sepulchres.

I had a right to speculate with shadows—I was in the land of shadows, and busy memory would conjure up, from Sir John Malcolm's history of this tyrant, many a flitting recollection, which, if I may borrow from his canvass, and pause, for a moment, in the "Bauleh Kaneh," was to the following effect:—"Agha Mahomed Khan was the founder of the 'Kajar' dynasty, and the uncle of the late Shah; he waded through seas of blood to reach the throne; and the early part of his reign was distinguished by continual conflicts with the legitimate heir, 'Jaffier Khan,' and his son, 'Lootf Aly Khan,' who were at length taken prisoners, and suffered the most horrible barbarities from the usurper, and with them terminated the 'Zund' family. Of his two brothers, who materially assisted him to the possession of the empire, one of them, of whom he was afraid as a competitor, he ordered his eyes to be scooped out; and the other, 'Jaffier Kouli Khan,' to whom he was more particularly indebted for his 'musnud,' or throne, he decoyed him to the capital, on the pretence of giving him the government of Ispahan, where he was barbarously murdered under the portico of a new palace by hired assassins; and some accounts say, in the

presence of the late Shah, then called 'Baba Khan,' to whom he said, loading him with abuse, 'It is for you that I have done this; the gallant spirit which animated that body would never have permitted my crown to rest on your head in peace. Persia would have been distracted with internal wars; to avoid these consequences, I have acted with shameful ingratitude, and have sinned deeply against God and man.' The blackest hypocrisy was conspicuous in him, and his conscience was seared as with a hot iron. His atrocities at Kerman, where the inhabitants had rebelled against him, and for their having sheltered one of his opponents, "Lootf Aly," he laid a contribution upon them of so many sacks of eyes. It is said, that more than seven thousand people were thus mutilated to make up the quantity; and they now relate the circumstance in Persia as an undoubted fact, that as the eyes were brought in on trays and thrown on the ground before him, he turned them over with the end of his whip, gloating in his barbarity. It were endless to narrate all the circumstances of his bloody deeds; nay, they are scarcely known, and they display such a dark map of human depravity, that one shudders at the monster:—

“—— And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head to think himself a man!”

Building towers of heads, they say, was nothing uncommon, and one of them now exists at Ispahan.

The Shah was brave as well as cruel; he displayed both these qualities in Georgia, which had revolted during his reign from dependence on Persia to that of Russia. The inhabitants of Teflis were visited with his fiery vengeance; and in it was committed the usual barbarities of fire and sword, driving thousands of the natives into captivity, binding, and throwing their priests into the river, destroying their churches, wasting their habitations. The Mahomedan historian of this monarch, to convey some idea of the sufferings of the poor inhabitants, says, "that on this glorious occasion, the valiant warriors of Persia gave to the Georgian unbelievers a specimen of what they were to expect on the day of judgement." In an expedition against Sheshah, this proved to be the last of "Agha Mahomed Shah's" military undertakings. Two of his servants quarrelled; their noise disturbed him in his tent, and he immediately ordered them to be put to death. After great entreaties on the part of his grand vizier, "Hadjji Ibrahim," whom, if any one, he respected, the execution was postponed unto the following morning. The men, rendered desperate by their sentence, which they knew would be carried into effect, determined on destroying the tyrant. Either his days or theirs were numbered; and reckless of consequences, they entered the tent of the king whilst he slept. Alarmed at the noise of destroying the sentinel, which was the work of a moment, the Shah sprang from his couch, and struggled hard for life, promising pardon to his assailants; 'tis even said, that he cut down one of them, rendered desperate by his position; but the other plunged a poinard into his heart, and afterwards cut off his head and displayed it to the troops in the camp. Thus fell, by a deserved fate,

certainly the greatest tyrant that Persia had ever nourished on her soil, and a blot to human nature, such as history, perhaps, in her varied pages, Roman or Grecian, will scarcely again present us with ; it was a lust of blood, a wantonness of cruelty insatiable.*

Some are of opinion, that the latter acts of the Shah's life indicated insanity, since he was subject to fits. "Cut out his eyes," and for the most trifling offence, was the order of the day, which order was immediately obeyed, and the poor wretches had to grope through the remainder of their days in darkness at the dictate of the tyrant. Such facts are stated to show what absolute power the sovereign possesses in Persia, and what the mind of the man-monster is capable of when loosened to his own unbridled passions. I am not more astonished at the conception of his sanguinary decrees, than I am at the execution of them ; that a nation should be so awed by one individual as to massacre each other at his dictation. The Shah, when uninfluenced by those passions, kept up in his court a royal sway of kingly dignity of which he was very tenacious ; at such times he occupied himself in acquiring contributions to his coffer when he did not like to exact them by force ; he was strongly tinctured with avarice, that prominent blight of the Persian character, and many anecdotes illustrative of this are related by Sir John Malcolm, to whom I refer any inquirers which they may interest, limiting myself to one relation. The King was passionately fond of hunting ; disappointed one day at not bringing down a stag which he shot at, he became vexed and irascible. A peasant soon passed by with a deer on his shoulders. "Oh," cried the King, "that man has killed my game, cut off his ears." The poor peasant coming from quite another direction, and ignorant of his Majesty's disappointment, protested against it ; but immediately his ears were bared to the knife by the "Faroshs." "Softly," said he, "take but a slice from each ear, and I will give you all the money in my pocket," four rials (six shillings). The money offer aroused the King, who overheard him. "What does he say?" It was repeated. "I will make a better bargain with you," said the King ; "give me the money, and the whole of your ears shall be preserved."

My pause was at an end, and my vision terminated ; I looked around on this favourite room of the Shahs, some of the ghosts of whose departed days I have just been conjuring up ; the walls were adorned in the Oriental style with stained glass, Koran inscriptions, and royal poetry, all in fine characters ; there was also a young lady stepping off the glass with the rose and the nightingale, in good keeping ; the ceilings were good, and the doors of exquisite workmanship, inlaid with ivory, ebony, mother of pearl, and other ornaments. I need scarcely say, that the building was all of mud—"nothing like mud" in Persia ; and as I traversed again the lonely halls below, a chilly feeling came over me, which caused me hastily to depart. I had taken an extensive view

* The tyrant has been admirably shown up by Mr. Morier in his "Zhorab," or the Hostage. I have never seen any illustrations of Persia so graphic, so correct, and, at the same time, so ludicrous, as of this talented writer, in his "Hajji Baba." Having gone over much of the ground of his "Maid of Kars," I can speak to his descriptive fidelity.

of the surrounding country; the sandy map below me bespoke sterility and drought; but here and there, where the bubbling fountain sprung in the vale, it was beautifully dotted with villages; they are numerous in this district of "Shemiroun," and their luxuriant foliage amidst the wild oases of the deserts is a great relief to the monotonous tedium of Persian scenery. The "Takht Kajar," although deemed to be one of the best country palaces near Tehran, was but seldom visited by the late Shah; there was a quietude in his general habits of life, which rendered him contented with but few changes; and when those of climate became necessary, he would generally go to camp on the plains of "Sultanieh," or even near Tehran these changes were easily attainable; and 'tis astonishing at what short distances the greatest variations of the thermometer are susceptible, of from twenty to thirty degrees. I arrived at the gate of this garden in the month of August, at six o'clock, oozing at every pore; and I found within it the freshness of Spring. So descending the terrace below, which was divided by a dry canal, a farther descent, by a covered staircase, led to a second and third terrace; at the bottom of which was a small building likewise ornamented with paintings, frescoes, &c.; the view from which was very pretty. From thence to the garden by another descent, which I traversed again and again. I snuffed up its sweets amidst a thicket of flowers. It was crowded with fruit trees; and at this season so laden, as to satiate all appetite. There was the graceful cypress, and the formal plane tree. The walls were lofty, having four gates, each of them with a small room over, all in rapid decay. So wending my way back to the city, a member of the royal harem was taking the road to the palace; it might have been a moving mummy for aught I could see; there was a long procession of "Faroshs," headed by the black eunuch. As usual they cried out, "Baula;" and I was obliged to diverge from the path, to avoid seeing even the shawl which enveloped the fair haremite. The sight of a "Ferengy" stranger always excites attention, when 'tis only a few years since that they have been tolerated at all. Having passed on at a most respectful distance, one of the "Faroshs" was sent back with the inquiry of "Hakeem." Had I been bold enough to answer in the affirmative, I might have had the privilege not only of seeing the bright intelligencers rolling in their sockets, but to have counted the throbbing pulsations which custom requires to be done over a gauze glove. The lady halted, but I too modestly passed on, noticing only her unseemly gait at being mounted on two stirrups instead of one.

One must be a "Hakeem" in this country whether or no. I was once called on to a patient long ill; he had been taking a quantity of pills, but "rather grew worse." "Davau kali Kourdam Sahib." "I have eaten a quantity of pills." "Pills!" I said, "where do you get pills in this country? has Morrison made his way into Persia?" "We pick them up at the door," said he; "they are chickens' pills." He had thus been choking his alimentary duct with fowls' dung, which it cost me all my skill to eject. I did so, and the man was grateful with his "Alhamdulillah," "Praise be to God!"

GERSHOM.

PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE.

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PRELIMINARY ESSAY.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY CONSIDERED AS A BRANCH OF MEDICAL EDUCATION.

METAPHYSICAL studies have fallen during the last century into general disuse—I may say into a condition bordering upon universal contempt; for in an age when nothing is viewed as important which cannot be applied to the practical purposes of life, conducing to the prosperity of nations and individuals, it is not to be supposed that what is too often considered as little better than the effusions of an over-heated imagination, or at best but the tissue of useless definitions, and nice distinctions of terms, could long maintain a place among the useful or ornamental branches of education. Accordingly the study of psychology has been discarded by the *οἱ πολλοί* of our English universities, and only preserved in Scotland, as affording to the philosophical classes abstract subjects for disputation and English composition.

I shall not here enter into an examination of the comparative merits of any system of education, but merely observe, that though it is true that the grand object of all education is mental discipline, and it is a good or bad system in proportion to the rapidity with which this cultivation is effected, and the degree of expansion the mind receives from its influence, and that our present scholastic system fully accomplishes this object by the close and analytical reading required of all who aspire to the honours awarded by our chartered seminaries,—very little beyond this is effected. Other pursuits and studies are grappled with better effect by well trained minds; but the knowledge which has been gleaned with so much care and assiduous study from the pages of antiquity, when brought to bear upon the practical pursuits of life, is found to be almost a dead letter. It does not give the student what he ought to know when, launched upon the world's tumultuous sea, he is called upon to direct the mighty vessel of the state, or to occupy the subordinate, though not less important situation of dispenser of its laws. For these purposes, much time must be expended in the pursuit of more useful knowledge; whilst that which has been already acquired is almost wholly forgotten, or remembered only for the purpose of adding a few classic embellishments to forensic or senatorial eloquence,—a poor and contemptible recompense for the time which has been consumed in its acquisition.

Modern philosophy has taught that the mind of man is but a barren and uncultivated wild, requiring only the application and care of husbandry to prepare it for any seed. No distinctions are made as to the various capabilities of men, they being thrown with most unphilosophical indiscrimination into the same pursuits, and thus genius is cramped, and the progress of philosophy retarded. As in medicine, no certain rule can be adopted which will apply indiscriminately to all constitutions, but every case presents anomalies, subverting the

reasoning drawn from other premises, and requiring a new application of rules and remedies; so the mind of every individual displays a bias towards some particular branch of study, whilst the most unconquerable disrelish is manifested for every other.

My object is to endeavour to draw the attention of the medical philosopher to the study of the human mind in its healthy and morbid state, in order that some useful application of a knowledge of its idiosyncrasies, its various diseases and its influence over the body, may be made in the practice of his profession.

The study of the human mind,—that mighty fabric that raises its possessor to so exalted a state in the scale of creative beings,—has, in all times and ages, held a pre-eminent rank. The progress, however, of this vast and boundless field of interesting but difficult inquiry has not been at all commensurate to the growing zeal with which it has been cultivated. Hitherto, this interesting branch of research has been usurped by schoolmen and metaphysicians, who have capriciously allotted faculties to man, and dictated laws to nature. Disdaining to follow in the illustrious footsteps of the immortal founder of the inductive philosophy,—forming wild and visionary hypotheses,—assuming generalities,—and “torturing the principles to the accommodation of individual phenomena,” they have brought more discredit on the science of mind, and have excited a greater prejudice for speculations of this nature, than can for a moment possibly be conceived. We have Coleridge’s authority also for saying that the method of Plato, no less than that of Bacon, is inductive throughout. There is one induction of Facts and another of Principles.

Mind and matter are so closely associated, that it is unphilosophical to separate them. We cannot, at any rate, psychologically arrive at a knowledge of mental power abstracted from the organization with which it is connected. “The sensitive organs,” says a writer on this subject, “by which we derive knowledge, are parts of the living apparatus; and although we may virtually disunite them for systematic convenience, or for the facilities of instruction, they must be regarded as one united system of reciprocal action and mutual contribution.”

Of the utility of metaphysical studies to a person engaged in the pursuits of medical science, there can be but one opinion among the rational and thinking portion of the medical profession. Dr. Southwood Smith appears to think that mental science is too much neglected by our profession. He observes, “The degree in which the science of mind is neglected in our age and country,—may it not be justly added, especially in our profession?—that science upon the knowledge of which the conduct of every individual mind is dependent,—is truly deplorable. Medicine is an inductive science, the cultivators of which are peculiarly exposed to the danger of making hasty assumptions and of resting in partial views; yet it is not deemed necessary that a practitioner should be disciplined in the art of induction, or should be cautioned against sources of fallacy in the practice of making inferences.” To the man engaged in investigating the *science* of medicine, no preliminary studies can be productive of more real utility than those which tend to call into exertion the latent principles of thought, and that accustom his mind to close, rigid, and accurate observation. To the

medical student the possession of these powers must be of incalculable value. The study of mental philosophy thoroughly disciplines the understanding; it gives also precision to language and thought, and induces habits of close attention and patient application of mind. "The highest scientific object," says an able writer, "to which the young can be directed, is mental philosophy, or the philosophy of the human mind;—that science which teaches us the laws of our mental frame, which shows us the origin of our various modes and habits of thought and feeling,—how they operate one upon another, and how they are cultivated or repressed. The well-directed study of it calls into action and improves the highest intellectual faculties; and while it employs the powers of the mind, it suggests the best means for their culture, and the best mode of their direction. It enables us to trace the intricacies of our own hearts, and points out the proper discipline for their correction; it discovers to us the real excellences of the mind, and guides us in our efforts for the attainment of them." The business of education, it has been well observed by a great authority, is not to perfect the learner in any of the sciences, but to give his mind that freedom and disposition, and those *habits which may enable him to attain any part of knowledge himself*. The most valuable part of our knowledge is acquired by the exertions of our *own mind*. The object of tutors and professors is principally to point out to us the *right road* to wisdom, and to excite a spirit of inquiry and observation in those under their care. They may cram the mind with isolated *facts*; but this does not constitute wisdom, using this word in its proper acceptance. At our public seminaries the foundation only is laid; the superstructure we have ourselves to rear. A man may be profoundly acquainted with facts, but may have no just claim to the title of being wise. In fact, a man may possess knowledge without wisdom;—the possession of the former does not necessarily imply the existence of the latter. Cowper has made a just distinction between knowledge and wisdom; he says,

"Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge,—a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,—
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems t' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."—*Task*, Book VI.

If we desire to succeed in any branch of knowledge, we must exert the prerogative of thinking and observing for ourselves. We must not rest satisfied with the opinions of others until, by the exertions of *our own minds*, we have found them to be correct. Lavater, the great physiognomist, exclaimed, while looking at the picture of the immortal Hunter, "That man thinks for himself;" and it was this exertion of his own mighty intellect that enabled him to make such a rapid advancement in surgical and physiological science. "I never read," the great Hunter used to exclaim to his class. "This is the book that I study"

(showing some part of the dead subject), "and this is the work that you must study if you wish to become eminent in your profession."

"The mind of man," observes Mr. Reid, "is the noblest work of God which reason discovers to us; and therefore, on account of its dignity, deserves our study." And the great philosopher Locke also observes, "Since it is the understanding that sets man above the rest of sensible beings, and gives him all the advantages and dominion which he has over them, it is certainly a subject, even for its nobleness, worth our labour to inquire into."

In studying the mind, we have the whole work to look at; for all we know of it is through those very operations of the mind which are the subject of intellectual philosophy. The study of the mind tends also very much to the improvement of the mind itself, and makes us better able to apply it with success to any other department of mental research. To the medical man, the study of the mind and its operations, passions, &c. is of the greatest practical importance. As the mind undoubtedly rules the body, unless we form an idea of its constitution, how can we know how to preserve the health of the body? We might as well pretend to negotiate with a foreign nation, without any knowledge of the nature of its government, or under whose jurisdiction its affairs are conducted.

In that dreadful malady, with which we often have to combat, insanity, or a departure from the healthy condition of mind, how can we successfully attempt its cure without a knowledge of the mind in a state of *health*? To the individual who directs his attention almost exclusively to the management of the unfortunate insane, the study of the healthy or sound condition of the human understanding is of paramount importance. As well might we attempt to grapple with the diseases of the body without a knowledge of its organization, as to endeavour to manage the different modifications of insanity without an intimate acquaintance with the physiology of the human intellect. "Medical men," says a writer on insanity, "have anxious practical duties, more pressing than any claims of mere mental gratification, and must make their studies subservient to them; but this may with truth be said, that the study of man's understanding requires to be pursued to a certain extent, to enable medical practitioners to perform an important part of their practical duties with credit. Even experience, supposing that they had opportunities of acquiring it, which they have not, would merely impart to them a little practical dexterity—very limited, and very likely to fail them in the greatest need: it is the acquisition of principles of practice which can alone prepare them for the various, the sudden, and the alarming phenomena which demand their attention in this department of medical practice."*

Much prejudice has at all times existed against speculations of a metaphysical nature. Indeed, when we come to examine the doctrines of some of the ancient, and even some of the modern writers on the philosophy of the human mind, we need have no cause for surprise at the disrepute into which this interesting and useful branch of inquiry has of late fallen. Mr. D. Stewart attributes the prejudice commonly

* Dr. Conolly. "Indications on Insanity."

entertained on this subject to two causes. First, from an apprehension that the subjects about which they are employed are placed beyond the reach of the human faculties; and secondly, from a belief that these subjects have no relation to the business of life. May we not, in some measure, attribute the neglect of this study to the more general cultivation of the *exact* sciences? To call a man (observes a writer) a metaphysician in the present age, is a delicate mode of recommending him to a lunatic asylum; and Dr. Armstrong has wittily defined metaphysics to be "the art of talking grave nonsense upon subjects beyond the reach of the human understanding." But this cannot be justly said of the researches of some modern metaphysical luminaries. Precisely what alchemy is to modern chemistry, ancient metaphysics is to mental science. The object at which alchemy aimed, and the jargon which constituted its only language, do not afford a greater contrast to the exact and useful researches of modern chemistry, and the clearness and precision of its present nomenclature, than the true objects of mental science, and the simplicity of its language, exhibit to the metaphysical speculations of past ages, and the jargon in which the vain disputations they produced were carried on,—a jargon which was at once the easy refuge of ignorance, and the constant source of mental delusion.

The object of the ancient metaphysical philosophers was the discovery of the *essence* or *substratum* of matter and mind. Not satisfied with the study of the qualities of matter, or the faculties or operations of the human understanding, they endeavoured to penetrate into the secret recesses of the mental economy, and attempted to unravel the hidden mysteries of man's intellectual mechanism. Notwithstanding they were involved in these uncertain researches, they, (observes Lord Bacon) in seeking for brilliant impossibilities, sometimes discovered useful realities. Bacon compares the ancient alchemist to the husbandman, who, in searching for a hidden treasure, turns up the soil, and pulverizes the earth, thereby rendering it more fit for the purposes of vegetation. Notwithstanding the attempts of the master-minds of antiquity to discover the essence of the human mind, we are obliged, like the illustrious philosopher, to declare, that all we know for a certainty is our own ignorance. The essence of the mind, like the philosopher's stone, remains yet undiscovered.

" 'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own."

But it may be asked, ought this consciousness of our ignorance to deter us from indulging in any further speculations on this subject? Owing to an incurable deficiency of data, we can arrive at no satisfactory conclusions concerning the essence of mind; yet we are justified in analyzing its operations or powers; and it is this study of the faculties of the human mind that has given such an elevated character to the researches of some of our modern metaphysical philosophers. Speculations concerning the essence of the mind, allow of greater scope for the display of a fertile imagination than for the sober exercise of the reasoning faculty. We know nothing of the essence or substratum of matter which is cognizable to sense; and how can it rationally be expected that we can discover the real nature of that principle which can

only be a subject of *consciousness*? We know nothing of the substance that is the basis of either material or spiritual qualities; we know only their being, and reason of their nature from their qualities and sensible effects. We do not know whether electricity, heat, gravitation, &c. be material qualities, or the effects of an immaterial principle superadded to matter. Yet notwithstanding our ignorance of the proximate nature of these principles, we are daily reasoning on their qualities and sensible effects. And this is all we can do in our speculations concerning mind; we must rest satisfied with the more humble and certain inquiry into its operations.

"It certainly cannot be wondered at," says a writer on this subject, "that the human intellect has wandered upon the ocean of uncertainty respecting its own operations and those corporeal functions with which it holds so intimate a connexion, when it is considered that, until the end of the last century, but little care was taken to collect and arrange a requisite number of facts, and to direct the mind to a careful observation and analysis of the extent and nature of its operations. Until our own time, how little anxiety have the majority of philosophers shown to ascertain the stability and connexion of the data upon which they founded their doctrines; and which often led, from the neglect of that precaution, to conclusions irreconcilable with common sense and the experience of our senses."

It was not until the introduction of the Baconian principles of the inductive philosophy that the human mind was studied in a correct manner; and the improvement which took place in this branch of mental inquiry soon after the time of Bacon was most eventful. It was by following in the steps laid down by the immortal Lord Verulam, that the illustrious Locke was enabled to produce his celebrated work on the human understanding;—that work which has been pronounced the greatest of any age or country. It is no little honour to our profession that two of the greatest metaphysicians that this country has ever given birth to,—Locke and Brown,—were physicians: indeed I cannot conceive of a man more calculated to investigate the phenomena of mind than he who has previously been engaged in studying the anatomy and physiology of the human frame. We find what we denominate mind, so intimately associated with the body, that we can hardly form a proper estimate of the one without a knowledge of the other.

Setting aside the practical utility resulting from an inquiry into the phenomena of the human mind, it is a study, on account of its exalted nature, well worthy of our serious attention. In no situation of life will this species of knowledge be unavailing. To the painter, the poet, the actor, the orator, moralist, statesman, and physician, a knowledge of the mind is of the utmost importance; they all operate upon it in different ways, and for different ends, and succeed according as they touch properly the strings of the human frame.

I have now, I think, satisfactorily proved the *utility* of this branch of inquiry. "Whatever progress may be made towards the discovery of truth in this matter, we shall not repent the pains we have taken in it. The use of such inquiries may be very considerable. Whatever turns the soul inward on itself, tends to concentrate its forces and to

fit it for greater and stronger flights of science. By looking into physical causes our minds are opened and enlarged; and in this pursuit, whether we take, or whether we lose our game, the chase is certainly of service. Cicero, true as he was to the academic philosophy, and consequently led to reject the certainty of physical as of every other kind of knowledge, yet truly confesses its great importance to the human understanding, '*Est animorum ingeniorumque nostrorum naturale quoddam quasi pabulum consideratio contemplatioque naturæ.*' If we can direct the light we derive from such exalted speculations upon the humbler field of the imagination, whilst we investigate the springs and trace the courses of our passions, we may not only communicate to the taste a sort of philosophical dignity, but we may reflect back on the severer sciences some of the graces and elegancies of taste, without which the greatest proficiency in those sciences will always have the appearance of something illiberal."*

POETIC VARIETIES.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MSS.

PREFACE.

SIR,—From the days of fun and frolic, "*calidâ juvena consule planco,*"—the days of auld lang syne—when we went a gypsying, a long time ago—it has been my trick and hobby rather to mitigate the dry prosaics of human existence, with bubbles from the brunnen of Castalie. The crabbedest studies of theology, freemasonry, jurisprudence, &c., have thus been agreeably relieved by that best of mountain-dew which descends from tri-peaked Parnassus. From many a head-ache, aye, and by the smiles of my lady-loves, many a heart-ache, have the cantatas of the harmonic nine opportunely rescued me. I therefore owe them a debt of gratitude which I mean to repay with interest, "*si potentibus placet.*"

This same principle—this strong necessity of relaxation—has urged my betters to similar recreations and delassements. An old Roman statesman—no less a man than Cicero—seems to have poetized in his "*horæ subsecivæ,*" very much to his own satisfaction; though by no means to Martial's, who is saucy enough to rally him. Erasmus, likewise, appears to have acted on Horace's advice, "*indulgere genio,*" as it is reported of him that he never studied above an hour without starting up and playing a tune on his fiddle. Sir Walter Scott adopted the same sound policy, and he speaks of his obligation to the muse in very pathetic terms, which are too applicable to myself to be omitted.

"Once and again, awake my minstrel harp,
Yet once again forgive my feeble sway,
Full little reck I of what censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains thro' life's long way,

* Burke.

Through heartfelt cares the world hath never known,
 When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devoured alone ;
 That I endured those ills, enchantress, is thine own."

Following the example of such notable worthies, I think it no disgrace to have perpetrated, at various times, a host of translations from the bards of foreign lands, or even to have scribbled unheard-of rhapsodies of my own. These have accumulated in my album to such an alarming extent, that lest I should die of a poetic plethora, I shall charitably deliver these superfluities to the voracious public—a wild beast altogether insatiable—"monstrum horrendum informe, ingens cui lumen ademptum."

I know not whether the same sentence will be passed on my miscellanies, as that which Martial pronounces on his epigrams :

"Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura."

One thing, however, I promise, whatever be their faults, they shall not be guilty of *dullness*, that crying sin of our versifiers. They are not the effusions of a maudlin poetess, or a rhyming dandy, and if they are not correctly smooth, they are not regularly low. All poetry must be piquant and expressive, nothing (as Coleridge remarked) can be worse than the trite commonplaces of insipidity. I ask, with Goethe,

"Wie machen wir's? dass alles frisch und neu
 Und mit bedeutung auch gefällig sey."

Give us something pointed and racy, or give us nothing. Heaven knows we have enough of poems whose sole defect is their containing no poetry ; verses that remind us of the famous mine of coal in America, the only fault of which was that they would not *burn*.

Perhaps it is necessary to add a word of excuse on account of the numerous epigrams which occur in my poetic miscellanies. I have little apology to offer, except that they suit my taste, and "*de gustibus nil disputandum*." I confess I am heartily fond of epigrammatic points, when I can catch them. To profit, and at the same time, to please the public, is the ambition of every writer, especially the poet. Among the various species of poetry which have hitherto best solved this puzzling dilemma, stands the epigram. This witty little handmaid of truth has conciliated very general goodwill, and notwithstanding her coquettish and provoking impertinences, has, perhaps, been found triumphant over a larger variety of hearts than any muse of the nine.

As to any hope of fame to be acquired from these poetic miscellanies, our feeling is best expressed in these beautiful words of Faust :

"The raptured thoughts that from the bosom wrung
 The half-formed snatches trembling on the tongue,
 Some blossoming while others fade away,
 All are absorbed in the wild moment's sway.
 Oft only when 't has worked its way for years,
 The matter in a perfect form appears ;
 What merely shines is only born to die,
 The sterling lives for all posterity."

HYMN.—FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFEZ.

How long, my soul, wilt thou remain
In this frail form's embrace;
When shall the veil aside be flung,
From thy celestial face?

O such a cage! how ill it suits
A bird so fair and free,
That bird of paradise which pants
For immortality.

I know not how divine I was,
I know not what I am,
I only know that I am fallen
To darkness, sin, and shame.

How can I track my boundless flight
Through that empyreal sky,
While fettered by the galling bond
Of earth's infirmity.

Why is the soul that yet aspires
With seraph saints to sing,
Still crushed by this degraded coil
Of death's imprisoning.

Should my heart's purple blood be stained
With musk's most sable dye,
O wonder not—it bounds and weeps
Like musk-deer, when they fly.

Ah, look not on my orient robe,
My spirit is a lamp,
That burns within a sepulchre,
All dreary, cold and damp.

Come, then, my soul, and tear away
The curtain from thine eyes,
And soar at once to thy own sphere
Amid the blazing skies.

IDYL.—FROM THE GREEK OF MOSCHUS.

When vernal zephyr fans the purple sea,
I haste to launch my shallop light and free,
To bask upon the smooth tide is my bliss,
And for a rapture of repose, like this,
I slight the muse, and all her charms ashore.
But when autumnal storms begin to roar,
When crested billows foam around my bark,
And thunder-clouds are gathering stern and dark,
I fly from ocean, and I take my stand
Firm and secure upon the solid land.
'Then how delicious 'tis to court my ease
'Mid the green foliage of the sylvan trees,

Where giant pines swing echoing to the wind—
 Alas, the fisherman who fain would find
 His ship a home, and labours on the main
 To snare the cunning fry he lures in vain.
 Mine be the luscious slumber, soft and deep,
 Beneath the waving elms—there would I sleep
 While fountains murmuring, round my flowery grot,
 Shall soothe the dreamer, and disturb him not.

ON MUSIC.

Music that o'er life's troubled seas
 Fallest, like oil, and spreadest tremblingly;
 Floating in calmness, till the bark at ease
 Dwells 'mid the tempest in tranquillity.
 Sure thou art nearest kin of heaven on earth,
 Mastering our spirits with thy mystery;
 Whether thy tenderness doth weep, or mirth
 Flit in the air in hovering melody.
 Or stirring the deep echoes of the heart,
 Thou movest heroism and awful zeal;
 Or breathing till we breathe not, dost impart
 The hush of adoration—till we feel
 Nearer the Almighty One, from whom in joy
 Thou camest in thy ministry of love,
 Teaching earth's lisping children to employ
 The future accents of their homes above.

"EPIGRAMS ARE THE POINTS OF TRUTH."

EPIGRAM UPON EPIGRAMS, BY YALDEN.

How does the little epigram delight
 And charm us with its miniature of wit;
 Dull tedious authors give the reader pain,
 Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
 When in less volumes we more pleasure find,
 And what diverts, still best informs the mind.

EPIGRAM ON EPIGRAMS.—FROM THE LATIN OF BALZAC.

I'd rather write some elegy or song,
 An epigram is much too hard for me;
 There my fantastic muse skips free along,
 Here she must turn short round or break her knee.
 Elsewhere we think it well not to write badly,
 Here we must have right *salt*, or grumble sadly,
 Unless we force your smiles, your memories cram,
 We may write epics—but no epigram.

EPIGRAM ON THE FLOWER SUNDEW.—FROM THE LATIN OF COWLEY.

Nature is surely much too kind to thee,
 You lead too sweet a life, my little flower,
 With silver stem and purple drapery,
 And balmy nectar feeding thee each hour.

Thy leafy cup still opens to the sky,
 For ever filled with soft delicious *dew*,
 The thirsty *sun* doth never drink thee dry,
 And the fierce dogstar never scorches you.
 Proudly you view the parched fields around,
 And joyous bathe amidst your living tide,
 You drink and laugh to see the exhausted ground,
 While your bright fountain gushes at your side ;
 Your Nile still feeds you from its hidden source,
 And bids you spring triumphant as its course.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER.—FROM THE LATIN OF RENATUS RAPIN.

Oh thou, upon thy grassy bed,
 Cicada laying thy merry head,
 Or dancing light along,
 Singing thy matin song.

Or sitting on the opening flowers,
 Drunk with the morning's fragrant showers,
 Or skipping at full speed
 Thorough the grassy mead.

Or chanting with concordant sound
 Among the whistling reeds around,
 Or with thy rival strain,
 Conquering the peasant swain.

Or by the babbling stream alone,
 Cheering the virgin with thy tone ;
 Or frolic revels keeping,
 O'er cattle idly sleeping.

Whether sweet heaven bestows on thee
 Its showers of nectar flowing free,
 Or pearly dews have prest
 On thy light couch of rest.

Come to your bard—the while his muse
 Builds a bright temple for thy use,—
 Where thy fond name shall shine,
 Till thou art called divine.

LOVE'S SNOW BALLS.—FROM THE LATIN.

When Julia pelts me with those snowy balls,
 Each ball, though cold as ice, grows hot as fire ;
 Nothing more chill—yet from her hand it falls
 Burning and melting like my soul's desire.
 Where shall I fly from love's delicious harms,
 If flames can kindle in the frozen snow ?
 Julia, I'll quench my heart within thy arms,
 While thine with all my passion's fire shall glow.

LOVER'S CAPRICES.—FROM THE LATIN.

Ah, hapless pair, whose love not once agrees,
 Whate'er one asks the other still denies;
 Love kindles both—but ah, how love can tease,
 He never lights one flame till t'other dies;
 When Corydon burns, Corinna's breast is stone,
 And when he freezes she consumes alone.
 Why doth his winter make Corinna glow?
 Why doth her summer cover him with snow?
 Does fire breed ice, or ice enkindle fire?
 Oh, Cupid, throw thy cruel jests away;
 And if you burn his breast with deep desire,
 Ah, do not turn her heart to frost I pray;
 Warm both or neither, and reverse your game,
 Let both grow cold, or both enjoy the flame.

HOPE.—FROM THE FRENCH OF CERUTTI.

Hope the only image wears,
 Which all the world delights;
 The only good which each man shares
 With equal claims and rights.
 But there's no flatterer, I'm sure,
 Whose words so rich—whose gifts so poor.

CHLOE.

Chloe's a belle and poetess,
 But then of both the curse is,
 She makes her face, that all men bless,
 And never makes her verses.—*Le Brum.*

COURTIERS.

Courtiers you may cyphers call,
 Their worth is in their place;
 In favour they are millions all,
 And nothings in disgrace.—*Brebeuf.*

TO SOPHIE.

I breathe a thousand sighs a day,
 When from your loving heart I stray;
 And know not what the deuce to do,
 Unless I see you doing too.

THE LITTLE MISHAP.

I promised my love
 To adore her till now,
 On a leaf in the grove
 I had written my vow;
 But a little wind blew—
 Leaf and vow—adieu.

THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

My uncle, the million-pounder,
Is a miser more stingy than ice ;
For my Christmas-box—the flounder
Gave me—what think you—advice.—*Mallet.*

THE FRIENDS.

A thousand times they promised all,
Still each to all pretends ;
And I hate nothing great or small,
Like my dearest friends.—*Gombauld.*

THE GENEROUS BUTCHER.

A butcher having cured the mule
Of a doctor of great fame,
Would not accept one sous, poor fool,
In token for the same :
No, no, he said, I'll take no fees,
From brethren of the same degrees.—*Boursault.*

MADAME URSULE.

Good morning friend—sit down and rest,
Your stay abroad had little use ;
Madame Ursule, whom you know best,
Has lent you all her spare abuse ;
Oh yes, Madame, I know her well,
She lends all lies she cannot sell.
Daillant de la Touche.

MONEY.

Yes! money is the sovereign king,
It gains us quickly all we sought ;
With money man is every thing,
Without it rather less than nought.—*De Cailly.*

THE DUEL.

How finished this outrageous fight ?
Thrice they fired intent to slay ;
But being aimed at brains outright,
The balls hit nothing on their way.—*Grisel.*

EPITAPH ON AN ENGLISHMAN.

Here lies Roast Beef—the proud, the free,
Who hang'd himself to kill—ennui.

NARCISSUS.

A new Narcissus here I shine,
Who burned in his own fire ;
Not in cold water, but warm wine,
I still myself admire.
And when I see the blushing rose,
Which mantles o'er my face,
Smitten with every charm that glows,
I drink up my own grace.—*Vadé.*

HOUSE OF A JEW.

There are two doors to this same dragon's hell,
 One opes to hope, the other to despair;
 'Tis by the first we enter, plum'd and swell,
 And by the last we exit, pluck'd and spare.—*Pasquet.*

THE COMPLIMENT TOO LATE.

What is that monster, Ma'am, we see,
 Among those pretty children there?
 That is my daughter, sir, said she,
 Good heavens! and how genteel her air!—*Boulogne.*

MAN'S CHARITY.

If in distress you hap to be,
 Still feign you've all you sought;
 For man is full of charity,
 Towards those who ask for nought.—*Hoffman.*

JUSTICE.

How precious and how rare is
 The justice which we boast;
 An inch of ground your care is,
 An acre is your cost.

THE INCONSTANT.

'Tis true I'm not the same, I won't disprove you,
 For as I see you more, the more I love you.

TOPERS.

Topers, you blundering brothers,
 You think it famous fun
 To hold more wine than others,
 And all can't match one tun.

VARUS.

Varus is always enditing,
 But never reveals one page;
 He's all but a fool in writing,
 In hiding all but a sage.—*Martial.*

THE SEVEN SAGES.

If Greece, so famous in ages,
 Which still we revive in the schools,
 Could only produce seven sages,
 Why judge of the number of fools!—*Greecourt.*

THE SCATTERBRAIN.

Have you heard of our friend Mr. Black?
 Why, sir, to our general sorrow,
 He was buried a fortnight back.
 Oh! I'll call on him then to-morrow!

ERRATA.

If you read on the tomb of Judge Swelling,
 The same was a man of wealth;
 'Tis only a fault of bad spelling,
 Read rather a *man of stealth*!
 If you read he was fond of the laws,
 And to all men freely told them;
 'Tis a blunder from the same cause,
 It should be, no doubt, *freely sold them*!

THE CONTRACT.

You find me very plain;
 I find you very vain:
 I'll hide my *face* from thee;
 But hide your *words* from me.

No,
 Mr. Joe,
 That isle
 Of the earth,
 Which they England style,
 For me has very little worth.
 Who thither by steam-boat passes,
 Surely a very ass is.
 The only cheer,
 Thought good here,
 Is extremely spare
 There. Pannard.

GOLD AND IRON.

All's mine, said Gold; I all things sway:
 I purchase man and brute.
 Down! fool, said Iron; you meant to say,
 'Tis mine! and you to boot.—*Arnauld.*

THE DOUBLE CREDIT.

Sethon wrote a silly letter;
 It sold full well—for him 'twas better.
 Sethon gains folly's double credit,
 Both his who wrote, and his who read it.—*Damin.*

CALYPSO.

Calypso wept her destiny,
 Because the goddess could not die;
 Oh! wherefore did she not just try
 Some quack's—*infallible remedy*?—*Boutrour.*

SIR PETER'S VERSES.

Sir Peter has done well to choose
 "Trifles" as title for his muse;
 Such are the subjects of his lay—
 The title's worth far more than they.—*Tintagel.*

HOPELESS LOVE.

TO ———.

BY THE HONOURABLE D. G. OSBORNE.

Yes, we have met, and I have cursed
 The world and all its dull cold ties,
 That ever check the heart which nursed
 A hope of kindred sympathies.
 Yes, we have met, and then I felt
 That at thy feet upon the sod,
 In worship mute I could have knelt,
 As kneels the devotee to God!

Yes, we have met, another spell
 Of joy has cheered my wearied heart;
 And though I breathed the word farewell,
 And though I felt it sad to part,
 Yet, as the sun departing throws
 A ray of glory o'er the scene,
 Thy last bright look in memory glows,
 Where still thou reign'st, my bosom's queen.

Oh! they may call me hard and cold,
 Because my lip can sneer or jest;
 But never must the love be told
 That dims my eye and racks my breast.
 I know that thou art far too fair
 For one like me to win as mine,
 Since e'en the best might well despair
 To merit such a heart as thine.

Why did I see thee? was it not
 Enough to bear, as I had borne,
 A useless and insipid lot,
 With none to love, and none to mourn?
 Why did thy form of beauty fling
 Across my life its fatal beam?
 Like some fair angel's glowing wing,
 That glanceth on a sluggish stream!

In daylight's glare, in night's dark hour,
 Amid the busy hum of men,
 And in the lone sequestered bower,
 Thou still wilt guide my thoughts and pen.
 In the wild revel's wildest glow,
 And in the tranquil time of prayer,
 Before me still thy form shall go,
 Thy presence still shall haunt me there.

Of thee I dream, and when I wake
 In search of thee my eyes will stray ;
 And then my heart will almost break,
 To think that thou art far away.
 The book I read recalls some thought
 That *both* have shared in days of yore,
 And then to memory back is brought
 Thy voice—when shall I hear it more ?

The pilgrim who must travel far,
 At night beneath an irksome load,
 Looks up to heaven at some bright star
 That seems to smile upon his road.
 That star which glittereth on high
 Hears not the pilgrim's muttered vow,
 It shineth on unconsciously,
 And heeds not him—and thus art *thou* !

Lady, farewell ! though many breathe
 The tale of passion in thy ear,
 Though many a bard thy name may wreath
 In verse, and hold thine image dear,
 Know there is one who silent loves,
 Though unreturned that love may be.
 One heart which, until death removes
 Its fetters, still must beat for thee !

R E V I V A L S. — No. III.

THE SABBATH.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In entering upon the expediency part of the Sabbatarian question, I will begin by making a few observations upon Paley's able arguments,† to account for our Saviour and his Apostles not issuing any *positive* commands on the subject of a Christian Sabbath. With every sense of their excellence, as proving their judicious conduct, in abstaining from enjoining such (with regard to time) ceremonies, as would have brought Jewish, and also Heathen, servants (*that is, slaves*) into collision with their masters, I cannot see that they prove any thing beyond this ;—that is to say, that I do not think it made out that that was the *only* motive for their forbearance ; for St. Paul, for instance, might, if he had contemplated bringing the Church *eventually* (say after *four* centuries) to a strict Sabbath, have talked in his Epistles, as if he *only* excused Christians from *present* observance, on account of so many of the members of the church not being masters of their time, but dependent upon the wills of others not of their religion. But, on the contrary, he seems to throw an air of ridi-

* The other Letters on this subject are in the April and May Numbers.

† Moral Philosophy, book v. ch. 7.

cule over almost all ceremonies of the Mosaic code, at least over the continuance of their being performed, which is very remarkable, when we consider how popular ceremonial commands concerning festivals, or any thing that admitted of pomp, would have been with most of the lower classes of his converts :* and that it is not improbable that a more imposing ceremonial exterior might soon have so increased the number of nominal believers, as much earlier to have put an end to the malignant persecutions to which the early Christians were exposed. But Christ's "kingdom" was not to be hastened on by worldly policy,† as a primary mean : *even the most powerful opponents* of Christianity were not to be allured rather than convinced. At all events, no one would sooner than Paley have admitted the impropriety of taking as our guide any thing inconsistent with what we find in the New Testament Scriptures. In them we read of a promise of our Saviour to "bind," or ratify, "in heaven" whatever his Apostles ordain "on earth," and that he will be present always in a Christian public, and private, congregation *however small*.‡ It may also, I think, be fairly assumed that, in the manner of repeated appearances after his resurrection, on the first day of the week, he intended to sanction the newly-instituted festival (just as it may fairly be assumed that he meant, in the miracle of turning water into wine, at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, to gratify relations, and friends, who probably were too poor to buy it,—that he meant it to be understood that he was not hostile to festivity *within proper bounds*).§ There is also the injunction to obey the "ordinances" of the civil magistrate.|| But, with regard to the mode of observing the Lord's Day, it is incontrovertible that, in the New Testament, we only read of prayer, communion, preaching, and collection for the poor, on the first day of the week.¶ Now all this may be done without resorting to Sabbatarianism. We may go into the country, as two disciples did on the actual day of the resurrection (about eight miles, seven more than the Jewish "Sabbath-day's journey"), to whom our Lord, when he made himself known unto them, did not hint, that, *for the future*, they must never travel

* The grandeur of many of the heathen ceremonies was frequently used in argument in the earlier ages to deter people from becoming Christians.

† John, chap. xviii. v. 36.

‡ Matthew, chap. xviii. v. 18—20.

§ John, chap. ii. v. 3; Matthew, chap. xi. v. 18 and 19. It may be observed, that the Baptist was selected from the small, but very austere, sect of the Essenians, whose habits much corresponded with those of the preceding prophets, which makes our Lord's expression with regard to himself "eating and drinking" the *more significant*. "Our Lord enjoined no austerities. He not only enjoined none as absolute duties, but he recommended none as carrying men to a higher degree of Divine favour. Place Christianity, in this respect, by the side of all institutions which have been founded in the fanaticism, either of their author, or of his first followers : or rather compare, in this respect, Christianity as it came from Christ, with the same religion after it fell into other hands ; with the extravagant merit very soon ascribed to celibacy, solitude, voluntary poverty, with the rigours of an ascetic, and the vows of a monastic life ; the hair shirt, the watchings, the midnight prayers, the obmutescence, the gloom and mortification of religious orders, and of those who aspired to religious perfection." (Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*, Part ii. chap. 2.)

|| 1st Peter, chap. ii. v. 13—17.

¶ Acts, chap. xx. v. 7 ; 1st Cor., chap. xvi. v. 2.

on the first day of the week ;* so far from it, we read something like countenancing their conduct by his example, "and he made as though he would have gone further."† We may dress our food on Sundays, as the apostles appear to have done, on the first "Lord's Day," of whom we read, that they presented "a piece of a broiled fish" to our Lord, who is not recorded to have taken the *opportunity* to explain to them, that *for the future*, it would be their duty to dress their Sunday's dinner on the Saturday (something like the doctrine of the Scotch, and some other modern Sabbatarians, which doctrine they seem to think sound, merely because the Israelites were commanded to gather a double quantity of manna on the Friday).‡ If indeed we, as Gentile Christians, are bound to keep *Sunday* holy *because* the Jews were commanded to so keep *Saturday* ; if indeed there is in the New Testament any enactment of a Christian Sabbath after the *model* of the Jewish, then is there no legitimate place for discussing the expediency of the matter,—*not even* with regard to the sale of *milk*, which Sir Andrew Agnew so strangely allowed in his Bill. But the contrary of all this will appear by referring to Acts, chap. xv. and xxi. v. 20—27 ; Romans, chap. xiv ; Galatians, chap. iv. and v. v. 1—14 ; Colossians, chap. ii. v. 8—23.§ We certainly have, as I have all along admitted, apostolical example for public prayers, communion, preaching, and a weekly collection for poor brethren in cases requiring such collection ; and we are bound to keep Sunday|| holy in more respects than these, because the Church and the legislature command us to do so, we being in the New Testament commanded to obey both.¶

But, notwithstanding disobedience to the present law of the land cannot be excused, I may be permitted to doubt the *expediency* of continuing Acts of Parliament, which render it difficult for a man,

* Luke, chap. xxiv. v. 13.

† Ditto, do. v. 28.

‡ Ditto, do. v. 42.

§ I beg the reader's attentive perusal of these passages of Scripture.

|| The propriety of the primitive Christians using the *heathen* word "Sunday," is seen by referring to the 11th v. of the 84th Psalm (Bible Version), and the 2nd v. of the 4th chap. of Malachi, the latter of which indeed they frequently quoted as a justification.

¶ Should I be wrong in supposing that the present "Lord's Day" law might be judiciously relaxed ;—nay, should it be right to continue the present *practical* strictness, *or even to increase it*, is it not idle, and at all events inconsistent with the Sixth Article of the Church, to contend, that the obligation to so observe "the Lord's Day" would be *weakened* by withdrawing that part of the Communion Service which has a *tendency* to make people misunderstand the *real Scriptural footing* upon which the solemnities of Sunday stand ? I should say, that TRUTH ALONE DEPENDED UPON would *strengthen* that obligation, because many, who do not take the trouble to investigate what is not brought under their special notice by others, are yet shrewd enough to see, that it is downright drivelling to tell them, that the fourth Jewish commandment about *Saturday*, proves the sinfulness of men *not Jews* doing certain things on Sunday, and that, fancying that the Church can give no better reason for the institution of Sunday duties (as well they may, seeing that she, on every Sunday and Holy-day, lays such solemn stress upon that exclusively), they, in their hearts, feel the greatest contempt for the institution, however, for worldly reasons, some of them may find it convenient to conform to custom. The 13th chap. of Romans, the 2nd chap. of the 1st Epistle of St. Peter, and the 22nd chap. of St. Matthew, contain passages which might be read instead of the Ten Commandments, and be *very appropriately* followed by the responses "Lord, have mercy," &c.

whose occupation keeps him from his family and friends the rest of the week (unless his pecuniary resources are large),* to, after Church prayers, &c., enact his character of a *social* being, without infringing the law,—a law so strict, that, by almost universal tacit consent, much violation of it is winked at in this part of the United Kingdom,—a law, the most severe parts of which were enacted at a time when there was much of the leaven of preceding unhappy events remaining, events brought about chiefly through ignorance and fanaticism, or, in Scripture language, “zeal not according to knowledge,”† and consequently a law evidently making the Jewish ceremonial Sabbath the model for our “Lord’s day,” and therefore I do trust that the efforts of Sabbatarians of late years, assisted, as they were a few years ago, by the pen of the Bishop of London, will have—not the intended effect, but—the effect of inducing legislators to pass such a bill as shall *atone* for the long reign of ignorance in the land (nearly three hundred years), chiefly fostered, *I most firmly believe*, by the great offence which was taken against the Roman Catholics in other respects than their rules concerning the observance of Sunday.‡

But if there must be the *twenty-four hours* of strict cessation from worldly things, the question arises, when should those hours begin? The vigil *before* several festivals of the church, and Christmas eve, and Easter eve, being before—not the evening of—those festivals, would, of themselves, were there no other authority, lead us to conclude that the canonical Sunday evening is what we call Saturday evening,§ commencing at six o’clock at the end of the Jewish Sabbath, a mode of reckoning sanctioned in the very first chapter of the Bible, in which it is said, “And the *evening* and the morning were the *first day*.” || There is every appearance, in the sixth and seven following verses of the twentieth chapter of Acts, that the “first day of the week,” mentioned with reference to St. Paul at Troas, was the Saturday evening, and that he recommenced travelling *on the Sunday morning* (probably through his anxiety, as mentioned in the sixteenth verse, “to be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost”);¶ for he is described as preaching “till midnight,” which is no short time from six o’clock;

* We must remember, that if the Lord’s Day Acts were literally carried out, they would be more stringent upon the middling and lower classes than those classes find them now in practice, not to dwell here upon the increased restrictions, both in letter and practice, which Sabbatarians contemplate. As it is, a rich man has no occasion to send out to purchase the most trifling article upon the *unexpected* arrival of a visitor, whereas the poor man must resort to the chandler’s shop, having probably purchased the day before *only* so much bread, tea, &c. as the wants of his family obliged him.

† Romans, chap. x. v. 2.

‡ 1st Cor. chap. i. v. 10.

§ Thus it appears that Sabbatarian shopkeepers are, upon their own principles, as much Sabbath-breakers, by selling on Saturday nights, as by selling on Sunday mornings (Matthew, chap. xxiii. v. 24).

|| Genesis, chap. i. v. 5.

¶ The meaning I attach to the expression in the sixth verse, “where we abode seven days,” is, that they arrived at Troas on a Sunday, and reckoned that one of the seven, and left it on the eighth day, that is, the Sunday following. If this commentary is sound, there was travelling by an *Apostle* on *two* Sundays; but, at any rate, it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion of there having been any travelling at all on *either* Sunday.

and, after some cessation, again "even till break of day." And let it not be thought this makes no material difference, for, *comparatively*, a Sabbath so reckoned would be a light burden, so that the upshot of modern Sabbatarianism is to put *even a greater* yoke upon us Gentiles—exempt, as we are, from the Mosaic code—than was imposed upon the Jews.*

From the idolatrous covetousness† of some, and the straitened circumstances of others, arising from the great competition in most trades, and the burdens imposed upon agriculture, it would be hopeless to see revived the ancient practice of allowing workmen the Saturday afternoon to prepare for the Sunday,‡ without deducting a proportionate part of their pay; but the truth is, that for a great portion of the year, the same object might be accomplished by beginning work an hour earlier on the Saturday mornings, while in the other months, much of the work of the country is concluded by five o'clock (not to speak of the practice occasionally of shortening the time allowed for meals); so that the thing is even practicable on a Sabbatarian plan; and the little inconvenience to the working part of the population, they would, I apprehend, think amply compensated by the allowance of many innocent recreations and amusements, public and private, on the Sunday (that is the canonical Monday) evening, from which, under our present system,§ they are excluded,—the allowing of which, however, on the *Saturday* nights, appears to me *much more likely* to cause public worship on Sundays to be neglected. But this is not the plan I am concerned to vindicate, but a "Lord's Day" *festival*, commencing on the Saturday evening, and though not nominally over till six o'clock the next evening, *virtually* so, *in many respects*, after vespers, or afternoon prayers and sermon. Here I am again reminded to quote from the little reply to the address of the rector of St. James's to his parishioners. "Little, perhaps, need be said regarding Sunday assemblies and dinner parties, Sunday drives and parties of pleasure; but thus much to me appears evident, that the enjoyment of every one of them is *perfectly consistent* with the due observance of the Lord's Day; indeed, to assert the contrary would be entirely to lose sight of the distinction between a festival and *a day of humiliation and abstinence*, on which amusements are extremely inconsistent.¶ To me it

* Acts, chap. xv. v. 10.

† Colossians, chap. iii. v. 5.

‡ With regard to moral effects, five days and a half out of the seven would seem to be quite enough to be devoted to labour, though *perhaps*, in the present day, a remedy for the evil of our population being obliged to work six entire days is impracticable.

§ I cannot resist interrupting the reader in the perusal of this quotation, to remark upon the *heterodox* conduct of many Sabbatarian clergymen of the Established Church, who seem to have no zeal to spare from (so called) profanation of the Sabbath, for the *almost general* contempt and indifference manifested with regard to—not merely Ash Wednesday and the greatest part of Passion Week—but Good Friday itself—decidedly the *most solemn day* in the year according to the doctrine of all episcopal churches. Nay, some have no afternoon prayers on that day (such was, and I believe still is, the case at Paddington Church, the incumbent of which church was once a Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), who yet have prayers and sermon every Wednesday evening. Bishops, by allowing such freaks, *virtually* change the churches, or chapels, of such clergymen from Episcopal

appears, that much more good would be effected, if the *Saturday evening entertainments*, often considerably encroaching on the Sunday morning, and which, by the fatigue they occasion, particularly among domestics, are in reality a hindrance to (and furnish an apparent excuse for neglecting) the attendance in the sanctuary, were at least *reduced in number*, if not brought into *complete* disuse." This candid and common sense way of putting the matter, proceeding, as I know it did, from a *lay Oxonian*, would be more worthy, I cannot help thinking, the pen of a bishop than the pamphlet with which the Bishop of London favoured this town some ten years ago, containing many assertions of the *inexpediency* and *impropriety* of allowing several indulgences to the laity, but not one word against the carriage, dinner, and other comforts, even of the bishops themselves! It was, perhaps, an oversight; but there should not, in *consistency*, have been omitted a *promise* to *set the example* of walking to church on Sundays, instead of *unnecessarily** standing in the way of the *religious offices* and *meditation* of his coachman, who has the same need of "diligence to make his calling and election sure"† as other Christians. There should not also, I humbly submit, have been omitted a *promise* to forego a hot dinner on Sundays, which would leave his cook and other servants leisure to "let their light so shine before men, that they may see"‡ them devoting the *whole* day to religion, in obedience to the doctrine of their *earthly* master, and, as they must think, if they are Sabbatarians, of their heavenly one too. The bishop is only one, however, of a numerous party in the Church, who, in affluent circumstances, and having therefore *six* days in *almost*

into *Independent*; nor is the latitudinarianism only on one subject: would the bishops, without notice, attend them on *any* Wednesday evening, they would, in most of them, hear an *extemporary* prayer before sermon, and those Wednesdays, on which the first lesson is appointed, in accordance with the reason given in the articles they have *subscribed*, from one of the Apocryphal Books, they would find a chapter from the Old Testament substituted. I have heard, on no mean authority, that there are men in priest's orders, in London, and more especially in the outskirts, who boast that they have never read a lesson from the Apocrypha, bowed "at the name of Jesus" in the Apostles' Creed, &c., or read the Athanasian Creed. I must also observe that the gospel for Ash Wednesday, which refers exclusively to *private* fasting, is almost as indefensible and injudicious a selection as the response after the fourth commandment, whereas it *clearly ought to be taken* either from the second chapter of St. Mark, or the 5th chapter of St. Luke. "The book of *The Pastor*, so much respected by the ancients, says, that on that day, people ought to begin from the morning to retire to prayer: that they ought to take nothing but bread and water—and that only towards the evening—and give to the poor what they would otherwise spend more than that. In fact, alms were always joined with fasting; and fasting itself enabled them to give alms, by retrenching a part of the ordinary expenses of the table. . . . The church observed these fasts in memory of the passion of Jesus Christ; thus applying what he had said, that she would fast when the bridegroom was taken away."—(Abbe Fleury's "Manners of the Christians," Cordell's Translation, part ii. sect. 4, chap. 9.)

* I say "unnecessarily," not only because a bishop can, in dirty weather, change his shoes in the vestry, but also because I have, in Scotland, seen bishops of the Scotch Episcopal Church, with less income than that of nearly, if not quite, all English curates, make the neatest appearance in church. However, with the early additional services I shall mention before concluding the subject, I would be the last to complain of an English bishop going to church in his carriage.

† 2nd Peter, chap. i. v. 10.

‡ Matthew, chap. v. v. 16.

every week to go into, or receive company, and upon whom, consequently, *presbyterian strictness* on Sundays could be *no great tax*, who yet coolly talk to lawyers, merchants, labouring men, and others (and no small portion of the members of the two Houses of Parliament are similarly situated), *as if it is reasonable* to expect them to lay aside their *social* character—that gift of heaven,* their social character—on the *only* day upon which *most of them* can *possibly* enact it. With respect to a labouring poor man, who may love the society of his wife and children as much as any bishop, ought he, *without a direct interdiction* of his Maker, to be debarred from the indulgence of *innocent recreation* with them *on the only day he can afford intermission from his labour*? It is indeed said that the indulgence is liable to great *abuse*, that is, to disorderly scenes in tea-gardens or public-houses; but I have yet to learn that the keeper of any place of public resort, or magistrates, and officers under them, have *more* right to allow *disorderly* conduct on a Monday than on a Sunday;† therefore such an argument, if good for any thing, proves that public places should not be allowed at all; and this, I apprehend, will, in the present temper of mankind, be considered as proving too much, consequently nothing.‡ Then the public “noisy vehicles” ought not to be suffered (the Bishop of London says)! This, though perhaps not exactly meant, is *tantamount* to the boldness of avowing that it is venial, if not right even, in a bishop, or wealthy layman, to use his carriage to go to church, but a *mortal sin* in a poorer man to use the *less expensive* public carriage that may happen to be going his way (I have more than once witnessed *Sabbatarian* clergymen availing themselves of such modes of conveyance on Sundays, their peculiar doctrines on the point notwithstanding).

All land travelling, whether by posting or otherwise, is denounced, though it may sometimes answer a purpose of *real* and *pressing religious necessity* (as when a man has to go a long journey in obedience to the wishes of a dying relation or friend), while ships sailing on Sunday are not once mentioned.§ Again, it is denounced as wrong to sell a newspaper on a Sunday, but you may employ your workmen to print as many as you like on that day to sell the next.|| Then the rich man may on Sunday bring forth his luxuries from his well-furnished larder, while the poor man, who, in hot, or muggy, weather, has no convenient means, perhaps, of keeping meat all night—who, perhaps, has only one small room for a large family—is to be debarred from *even one hour's* opportunity to attend a market on the Sunday morning. Then the rich Sabbatarian, in general, orders his usual hot dinner to be prepared,¶ while he would deprive the poor man of the

* Genesis, chap. ii. v. 18.

† 1st Peter, chap. iv.

‡ Titus, chap. i. v. 15.

§ Sunday is very commonly the day chosen for beginning a voyage, sailors having a superstitious notion that it is an auspicious day.

|| The proprietors of daily morning papers may be assured, however, that they are only winked at for the present from a motive of *expediency*; that, after the suppression of Sunday papers, parliament would be asked to oblige them to confine their printing for Monday to before twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and after twelve on Sunday night, or rather Monday morning.

¶ Much has been said by Sabbatarians, in reply to charges of inconsistency, of

convenience of the baker's oven,* a convenience that puts it in the *power* of the whole family to attend the morning service, whether they avail themselves of it or not, and which convenience *therefore*, one would have expected a Sabbatarian, who admitted any degree of expediency at all, to have regarded with *at least* as much favour as the sale of milk. All this Sabbatarians *may call* piety and equal justice, but depend upon it, Sir, it is not the piety and justice which comes from heaven, in which we are told, is "no respect of persons."† I have here to make another very excellent quotation from the "Reply to the Rector of St. James's." "There is one part of your address which more particularly demands minute examination; I mean that part of it which *professes* to set forth the necessity of strictly prohibiting the importation of articles for the use of the table. Now I think it must be apparent to all unprejudiced minds, that such a prohibition must be a cause of serious inconvenience among all classes of society, and among the poorer classes (in favour of whom, I suppose, you would make no exception), its consequences must be severely felt. Perhaps, Sir, you are not aware that many poor persons, having no place to keep provisions in their abodes, would thus (at least during the summer months) be forced to choose the alternative either of giving up their Sunday joint, or, by keeping it in their houses all the preceding night, of incurring the risk of breeding pestilential and malignant disease. Surely, Sir, if this be once admitted, *expediency*, if no other higher motive, might induce you to pause in the attempt to enforce a prohibition at best *unnecessary*, but which to me almost appears oppressive."

A few years ago, Mr. Devereux, a name not unknown in the reading world, did me the honour to give me his pamphlet, entitled "Letter to the Protestant Bishops, and the Presbyterian and Methodist Ministers of Ireland, on Mr. (now Lord) Stanley's Education Bills." The author is a Roman Catholic, and a very talented and sincere man; and though it contains many things, which, as a Pro-

the inexpediency of advocating such an inquisitorial bill, as will interfere with the domestic habits of private families; but surely that is no excuse for a rich Sabbatarian allowing any culinary proceedings on Sunday.

* I understand that the state of the case, concerning petitions from journeymen-bakers, is, that master bakers are of two classes: those whose business is so large, that Sunday baking is no object to them (who, in fact, would further increase their incomes by the ruin of small bakers), and those to whom the profits from Sunday baking are essentially necessary to enable them to maintain their families, and that they use their influence with their men accordingly. I only state what I have heard, which I believe, though I cannot vouch for it; but if it is true, an importance has been attached to petitions of journeymen bakers, which they do not deserve.

† Most readers are aware that the word "lawyers," in the 11th chapter of St. Luke, refers to a profession of *divinity*, not to what we now call the legal profession. Now, I would ask rich Sabbatarian clergymen, who are guilty of these *inconsistencies*, if they can bring *any part* of the New Testament forward which *so decidedly* condemns anti-Sabbatarians, as the 46th verse does themselves? "And he said, Woe unto you also, *ye lawyers!* for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers." To this I must add the 52nd verse, which so applies to those clergymen, who try to prevent their hearers understanding the true nature of the festival of "Sunday" or "the Lord's Day." "Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye enter not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."

testant, I cannot agree with, and though the Anti-Sabbatarian part of it does not *exactly* rest upon the principle I have been contending for,* yet did space permit, I might have quoted largely from it. The main subject in it, the Education Bills, being distinct from my present argument, I lay aside without expressing any opinion upon. I quite agree with him where he says, speaking upon the advantage of *Festivals* to the *poor*, "It was by the establishment of those festivals that the people were humanized; so has their suppression been gradually brutalizing our peasantry, altering their kindness of manner, giving to their manners that change for the worse;" and again, "weakening the ties of relationship, and the effect of that precept, which bids us love our neighbour as ourselves, and thus, as it were, preparing us for that philosophy which, instead of Christian charities, replenishes the heart with hate, and makes man the enemy of man and of God." Then he alludes to the oppression upon the poor, in making them work upon the Saturday afternoons, seeing that formerly, for five days and a half's work, a man was paid as if he had worked six days; and he says that the old custom of unyoking the plough *at noon* on Saturdays, still prevails in some parts of England. His remarks upon the Sunday evening amusements, of which our working people are now deprived, are, I think, very good, and it is too true, that many who are not allowed to indulge in "wholesome, cheering, and innocent recreations in the open air on Sunday evening," take to drunkenness in the alehouse instead, and that thus the descendant of a cheerful and sober man probably becomes a stupified drunkard; and I believe it is true, that a great increase of drunkenness followed the reformation, though that I attribute to the *abuse* of it in *confounding* festivals and fasts. Had there not been such an outcry raised, by narrow-minded men who came soon after the reformers, against the ancient holydays and amusements of the people;—had, in short, all nominal Protestants shown a little more anxiety to "speak the same

* Between pages 46 and 61, which is chiefly on the Sabbatarian subject, some of the phraseology *seems* to recognize the *principle* of Sabbatarian strictness on the Sunday, only properly commencing on the Saturday evening. This is a very common error among anti-Sabbatarian writers and speakers (of the latter I do not remember more than *two* speeches in Parliament, which appeared *altogether* free from this objection), and gives a great advantage to their opponents, though *they* do not *strictly* confine themselves to *their own* principle, *according to which* Saturday evening is clearly a part of the Christian Sabbath. Even Sir Andrew Agnew is *not* a *pure, unadulterated* Sabbatarian: his Bill was *as if* the 4th commandment read thus:—"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do; but the *first* day (that is, reckoning it to *begin six hours later* than it would according to the *Jewish* mode of computing time) is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do *no manner of work* (except buy, or sell, milk, prepare hot dinners, *if in private houses*; and a few other things of *equally pressing necessity, or charity*), *thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant, thy cattle* (except horses used *solely for private purposes*), and any stranger, *of whatever religion*, under thine *authority*. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the *seventh* day: WHEREFORE the Lord *blessed* the *seventh* day as regards the *Jews*, and *blessed* the *first* day as regards *Christians*, and *hallowed* the *seventh* day for a *time*, and *hallowed* the *first* day for ever afterwards." There was a time when the *reductio ad absurdum* was considered rather *decisive* of a point, but those days seem gone with some people,

thing," and to be "in the same mind and in the same judgement,"* as the Roman Catholics in matters they appeared to be sound in, instead of thinking they could not throw off too many of their customs, it is my *firm* belief that Mr. Devereux could not *now* so triumphantly refer to "the fruits of Protestant folly;"—nay, that in *all probability*, many *now* zealous Roman Catholics (and *himself* among the number, for he is not a *blind* zealot) would, at this day, have been bright ornaments of our *reformed branch* of the *Catholic Church*. A little further on, I find a reference to a pamphlet, by the Rev. Mr. Brereton, rector of Great Massingham, in Norfolk, on the Poor Laws, in which he contends that the abolition of festivals is a robbery of the poor for the benefit of the rich. Then there is much truth in what Mr. Devereux says of Fasts, that to the abolition of them may be traced much of the vernal and autumnal bleeding and drugging now so common; in this part of his argument he is supported by the greatest names, both ancient and modern.†

I am afraid, that, in this cursory view, I have not done sufficient justice to the author; but, perhaps, I have said enough, Sir, to give your readers some idea of his views, and to induce some of them to read the work. They will find him, though a very strong writer in his language, not a bigot, and perhaps they will think with me, that here and there a topic is introduced, which, in delicacy, had better been omitted; but, upon the whole, the pamphlet is valuable, as abounding with arguments which the most stanch Protestant must acknowledge to be the reverse of contemptible.

I am not at all fond of agitation, the evils of which I have *generally* observed to be greater than the advantages; but really I must say, that, if I am right in the principles I have laid down in these letters, agitation on the part of Anti-Sabbatarians is justifiable as matter of self-defence, seeing that they are the party attacked, by men who are at liberty to observe Sunday as strictly as they please, but whom "all this availeth nothing, so long as they see others, of different opinions, not compelled to do Sabbatharians' reverence;"‡ and would they act upon a *united* and *consistent* plan, I am convinced that the advocates of a *Judaical* Sunday would soon be reduced to a most insignificant minority.§ But next to seeing my view of the subject adopted, I con-

* 1st Cor. chap. i. v. 10.

† By the word fasting we must not, of course, understand a *feast* of fish, omelets, and wine. It is, perhaps, not known to many Protestant readers, that fish, which had been equally forbidden as meat, was first allowed to encourage the French fisheries.

‡ Esther, chap. iii. v. 5, and chap. v. v. 13.

§ According to my judgement, there has been no period in the present century more favourable than the present moment to endeavour to get this question fair play. I see no appearance of a wish to uphold Sabbatarianism *per fas et nefas* among the persons about the Court; while the Sovereign is of that age in which few have yet ceased to admire the principle *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. In the House of Lords, there are a few most excellent noblemen, who are Sabbatharians, but not one of whom should I deem likely to be very formidable in argument. On the episcopal bench the Sabbatharians have talent and eloquence on their side, but so also have the Anti-Sabbatarians, if several of the Bishops can be depended upon to do their duty. In the House of Commons, Sabbatharians have only *that very high churchman on all other points*, Sir Robert Inglis, and one or two others, of any

fess I should like to see a *very stringent* Sabbatarian Bill passed, for *I am sure the evil would then not be long in curing itself*: this Sabbatarians themselves seem to have some suspicion of, if we may judge by the *wide* difference there is in their *professed* doctrine and their *most rigid* legislative *proposals*. And yet they gravely tell us, that the All-wise God, who *foresaw* the *most distant* circumstances of *necessity* or *expediency*, intended a command, which the most rash Sabbatarian is afraid to propose to reduce to strict practice, knowing the exposure of its impracticability in this country, even in the spirit of it as well as the letter,—they yet gravely tell us, that he *intended* it for all nations alike, and for all succeeding generations! It is here necessary to allude to a *cunning suppression* of some of the circumstances connected with the Ten Commandments. In the 31st chapter of Exodus there is the *penalty of death* imposed for the violation of the Sabbath, which is called a *perpetual* covenant, and a sign between God and the children of *Israel*, BECAUSE of the accomplishment of the creation, *the very reason* which Sabbatarians give for the 4th Commandment extending *beyond* the children of Israel. That the two tables of stone, mentioned in the 18th verse, contained this covenant (and not merely the decalogue *alone*, as is generally said by preachers), is apparent from this chapter, although, according to the 4th verse of the 10th chapter of Deuteronomy, the decalogue was *also* part of the “writing.” Another thing Sabbatarians keep as much out of sight as possible is, after the *repetition* of the penalty of death in the 35th chapter of Exodus, this singular injunction among “the words of the Lord,”—“Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the Sabbath-day,” which Archbishop Whately very fairly quotes to show the improbability of the command to the Jews to keep the seventh day as a Sabbath being originally intended for people of *all climates*.* Now, Sabbatarians assume, contrary to what I flatter myself I have proved to be the fact, that the Apostles *changed* the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day: let it be granted, however, that in this they are right; still there must be some limit to concession, unless they mean to contend that they have a right to fritter away whatever of God’s commands concerning the Sabbath they do not find it convenient to obey, and “thus make the commandment of God of none effect by their tradition,”† a species of *latitudinarianism* never betrayed by any *Christian* Anti-Sabbatarian as far as my little reading has extended. Therefore I would ask Sabbatarians these questions, Is it *lawful* in them (sup-

public note. And among the clergy, there are, within these few years, more instances of *avowed* Anti-Sabbatarianism than before, while the Sabbatarianism of many others is more apparent than real. Here I must allude to a very curious circumstance, *viz.* to a Sabbatarian *manifesto*, signed by the five rectors of St. Mary-le-bone, the majority of whom would hardly be taken in private society for Sabbatarians at all; and one of them, *I apprehend*, will not deny having been *occasionally* in the habit of dining out on a Sunday.

* During hot summers the disuse of fire for one *whole* day in the week is *practicable* in this country; but I never knew a Sabbatarian forego the use of tea, which is not absolutely necessary on a Sunday in such weather. To employ strangers to light their fires, as some Jews do, does not accord with my notions of evidence of sincerity: such a device appears to me a mere unworthy attempt at evasion, and at variance with the letter and spirit of the 4th Commandment.

† Matthew, chap. xv. v. 6; 2nd Timothy, chap. iv. v. 3 and 4.

posing that the Sabbath injunctions extend to us), is it *expedient*, to throw aside the penalty of death, and the injunction about fire, *both as solemnly enacted as the 4th commandment*, without showing *divine authority* to do so? Is it expedient to seem to "halt between two opinions," to seem to be determined to be right *even at the expense of being wrong*, and therefore to be as decided Anti-Sabbatarians as Sabbatarians?*

What is much wanted is a petition or two to Parliament, in reply to Sabbatarian petitions, drawn up in a *consistent* manner, conceding that, *if* the 4th Commandment is part of the *moral* law, it is binding upon a Christian community, only suggesting that, upon that supposition, the legislature should not, in any bill, stop short of that command, which forbids not the exercise of this or that trade, whether affecting the rich or the poor, neither makes any distinction between work performed by private servants and horses, and work by men and horses for public accommodation, but *in the plainest words* tells *every* man, that he should do *no manner* of work, whether by himself, or his servants, or his cattle, thus clearly forbidding public "noisy vehicles" as much as bishops, or ladies, going to church in their carriages, *and no more*. It should also remark upon the absurdity of reckoning the procuring milk for tea as a work of "strict necessity" (it might *as reasonably* be called a work of "charity"). It should add, that, by a tract by the Archbishop of Dublin, as well as by other works, the 4th Commandment appears to be part of the *ceremonial* law of Moses, and therefore "not binding upon Christian men;" and it should go on to describe the points upon which a Christian legislature is at liberty to use its discretion.† And lastly, it should pray, that if Archbishop Whately,

* 1st Kings, chap. xviii. v. 21.—The *fair* and *practical* application of the language of the Prophet to this inconsistency of Sabbatarians, appears to me to be this, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" If the Sabbatical commands in the Old Testament extend to you, observe them in *all their details and penalties*: if they do not, "instead of sabbatizing, let every Christian keep the Lord's Day." The Old Testament is frequently quoted, even from the judgement seat, to justify our punishment of murder with death, a crime not punished in that manner in the case of the first murderer, *that is at a time prior to the delivery of the Mosaic code*. Therefore, *even if it were true* that the Sabbath was enjoined *from the first*, I cannot understand the consistency of a Sabbatarian trying to put the penalties for breach of the Sabbath aside. I am not meaning to enter into the question of the propriety of our criminal code; but murder being forbidden (and the same may be said of circumcision), was not *peculiar* to, though part of, the Levitical law. I may here add, what I inadvertently omitted in my *first* letter, when remarking how short some of the other nine Commandments were of coming up to the morality of the *Christian* code—I may add, that our Lord's commentary upon the *seventh* Commandment, in the 27th and 28th verses of the 5th chapter of St. Matthew, shows that St. Paul (Heb. chap. viii. v. 7) was not the first who thought the first Covenant *not* "faultless."

† We sometimes see the *best* effects from parliamentary committees examining witnesses, and afterwards *publishing* the evidence. Now, as *virtually* there is no convocation for such important objects as the removal of the unfortunate state of the church, which is that of "a house divided against itself" (a state, we are told by the highest authority, leading to destruction), and the removal of one of the great causes of dissent, it surely is befitting in the two houses of Parliament appointing committees to examine witnesses, and report upon their evidence. Three bishops and three clergymen on each side of the question would be sufficient: we should then, if I am not very much mistaken, soon hear of an Anti-Sabbatarian

and others, are held to be mistaken, no bill shall be passed that does not carry out the 4th Commandment *and all passages in the Old Testament relating to it*, to the full extent;* but that, if they are held to be correct, the legislature may pass an act restoring the old distinction between fasts (as Good Friday) and festivals, and allowing on Sundays (*after divine service*) reasonable recreation and amusement, always bearing in mind, that our working people are not in a *corresponding* situation to the Jews of old, who, though they were enjoined a *strict weekly Sabbath* (which probably was never understood in the *most* stringent sense before the springing up of the sect of the Pharisees), had many festivals and jubilees, upon which they could enjoy innocent recreations with their families.

But let me not be misunderstood. Far is it from my wish to see our churches or religion neglected. Instead of the present *second* evening service on Sundays, which is an *innovation* springing from Sabbatarianism, I would substitute one on the Saturday evening, and on Sunday mornings I would have a short early service or two besides the usual service (as is the case *with very good effect* in the Roman Catholic chapels), by which means *every* member and servant of a family might attend public worship at least once in the day.† The theatres also I would close on Saturday, and open on Sunday (which is the practice at Rome to this day); and I think it must be admitted by every *candid* person, that the man who frequents a theatre on Sunday nights is *not* so likely to neglect the duty of public worship as the man who does so on the Saturday night.‡

I regret, Sir, that I have been obliged to be so diffuse; but Sabbatarians resort to so many shifts to prevent the absurdity of their "Diana"§ being made manifest, that to be concise, and yet to say enough, is not very easy. I have endeavoured to so form these letters, that in almost every page the reader shall find some argument or proof, which, if unanswered, ought to go a good way towards deciding the whole question, and, at the same time, that there should be such a cumulation of them, that minds, however differently constituted, should hardly fail to be convinced by some or other of them;|| and I feel so

pledge at elections. I can imagine the consternation which the very moving for such committees would occasion in some quarters.

* There were several Sabbatarians besides the Bishop of London, who attended the entertainment at the opening of London Bridge, *well knowing* that workmen were engaged the whole of the Sunday preceding in preparations on the very spot where the banquet took place!

† The late regulation about the closing of public-houses on Sundays I am so far from disapproving, that I believe I was one of the first to propose it. And I have every reason to think that the alteration of the law was fully as acceptable to *Christian* Anti-Sabbatarians as to Sabbatarians, who would seem to claim the merit of the measure.

‡ A few leading people of fashion might soon bring Saturday dinners and parties into disuse (and the first example ought to be with regard to the public dinners at Lambeth Palace): a legislative enactment would be attended with so many inconveniences, that I doubt the expediency of applying that remedy.

§ Acts, chap. xix. v. 28.

|| "If we observe in any argument, that 'hardly two minds fix upon the same instance, the diversity of choice shows the strength of the argument, because it shows the number and competition of the examples.'"—*Paley's Natural Theology*, chap. 27.

unconscious of having in this undertaking failed in candour or impartiality, that I have no small confidence that I shall be held to have considered the subject fairly, as well as fully. One thing, however, I ask of the reader, a moderate degree of candour, which I flatter myself will be sufficient to insure conviction.

But however sound our notions may be, it must not be forgotten, that religion is not merely a speculative affair, but also a practical; that the practical infidel, be his religious belief ever so correct, is nearly as *pernicious* to society as the speculative. And to clerical readers in particular I would suggest, with all humility, these rules as calculated to defeat the hostility of those Materialists and Deists, who, (the former more especially), I regret to *know*, have of late years made much impression upon not a few of the middling and lower classes—to bring more under the notice of Christians, by sermons and notes in Bibles, the *internal* evidence the Scriptures contain of their Divine origin (*after the manner of Paley's Horæ Paulinæ*); never to be so wedded to a particular doctrine, as to descend to an unfair and fraudulent quotation of Scripture in support of it; * and, lastly, to strive *by all means* (as far as their own personal example goes, I sincerely think the generality of the clergy are not to be blamed), to lessen the amount of practical infidelity, which, though not a fair and legitimate, is yet a plausible objection to Christianity. † “Reason, faith, and hope,

* Matthew, chap. xv. v. 9. 1st Cor. chap. iv. v. 2. There is some *apparent* excuse for the Irish clergy being generally Sabbatarians in the state of collision they are in with the Roman Catholics; but there is here great want of reflection; for, if *only* to differ from the Roman Catholics, they might turn Atheists.

† I am sorry to find that, notwithstanding the *excellent* admonition of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury (when Bishop of London), there are some churches here, in which the curates do not seem to bear in mind, in performing some of the *occasional offices*, how important it is to go through those services with the greatest decency and solemnity, seeing that such occasions are the only ones upon which infidels, or dissenters, are, generally speaking, in the habit of attending a church. I could instance, with the names of the parties, the case of a baptism of the child of a *Materialist*, who consented, merely to please his wife (*a Christian*), and attended himself as a sponsor (the looseness about sponsors, without the least inquiry into their eligibility, is really astonishing), and the ceremony was performed in a manner very far from what the Archbishop would recommend, and still more confirmed the husband in his unfortunate notions (besides the manner, it does not look, *at least*, very conscientious to *promise* not to admit a parent as sponsor, and afterwards do so). If Parliament does abolish church rates, *allowing compensation of course*, I trust it will also *buy up* all fees for the occasional offices, which are *practically* of much greater pecuniary consequence to the mass of people (particularly the fees for ground, &c. for funerals); but, on higher grounds, I think it inexpedient, in *these* times, to *so directly* connect money and the performance of a religious office, and that, with regard to baptism, it keeps many parents from bringing their children at all. A practice also prevails in some of the London churches (I have heard in most of them), of omitting part of the marriage service, before that part appointed to be read at the communion-table, and the whole of the latter, even the prayer, “O God, who by thy mighty power, &c.” notwithstanding the “unfeigned assent and consent” the clergy give to the *whole* service. Are these mutilators *sure* that, even supposing their marriages are valid in a religious sense (and the question may be raised, whether to make a *Christian* marriage, it is not *requisite* to obey “the ordinance of man, the powers that be,” &c.), the *partial* compliance with the form appointed would not be a *sufficient* answer to an indictment for bigamy? The legislature sanctions marriage according to certain forms of various sects, and also according to a certain form before a *civil* functionary (if the

are the only principles to which religion applies, or possibly can apply : and it is reason, faith, and hope, striving with sense, striving with temptation, striving for things absent against things which are present. That religion, therefore, may not be quite excluded and overborne, may not quite sink under these powerful causes, every support ought to be given to it, which can be given by education, by instruction, and, above all, by the example of those, to whom young persons look up, acting with a view to a future life themselves."*

SPERANTIUS.

P.S. Since these letters were written, I happened, by mere accident, to meet with the "Edinburgh Witness," of the 28th of May last, in which Sir Andrew Agnew is reported to have said *very properly*, at a *Sabbath Observance* meeting, "Experience every day taught them that, if they did not take their stand upon a scriptural position, and let their sole adherence be an adherence to principle, they would find that they had no ground to stand upon at all, when they came in contact with gainsayers. When they stood upon the ground of principle, they stood on ground which would bear them out." Upon this I have to observe, that, as I have in these letters *exactly* adopted this principle, according to my understanding of the sense of Scripture, it is manifest *either* that Sir Andrew has been propagating error on the Lord's Day subject, *or* that I have done so ; and that, *therefore*, Sir Andrew appears to me to be *bound in charity*, not to myself merely, but to the Christian public generally, to acknowledge that he has *hitherto* taken a mistaken view of the matter, or to endeavour to show the sophistry of my conclusions by replying to these letters *paragraph by paragraph* (Job, chap. xxxi. v. 34, 35, 36, and 37). In the mean time, most of the readers of "The Monthly," who know Edinburgh, will be *somewhat* astonished to learn that the Sabbatarians have just succeeded, in this (*so called*) enlightened age, and in the *Modern Athens* too, in closing the Waterloo, and also the Artisans' Reading Rooms, on Sundays.

parties prefer it), but it does *not* sanction a *part* of one of those forms as sufficient to constitute a marriage ; and, with regard to the church service in particular, it is expressly said that a marriage is not "lawful" if the parties are "coupled together *otherwise* than God's Word doth allow," and which "Word" makes compliance with the law of the land an *essential* condition. If there is with the clergy the discretionary power thus assumed, it is strange that they do not take a *still shorter* method, and merely ask the parties if they consent, and then pronounce them man and wife in the name of the Trinity. Further, would these clergymen hold the payment of half the fee, or half of a church-rate, a sufficient compliance with the law Shame upon such lazy and *inexpedient* conduct (*and in these times too!*) and (i they are aware of it), upon those bishops who connive at it!

* Sermon by Paley, on *Seriousness in Religion*.

POEMS BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "TRANQUIL HOURS," "SIR REDMOND," &c.

I. PARTING GIFTS.

OH! know'st thou why, at night's still hour,
 The parting gift's again brought out?
 Because that token hath the pow'r
 To charm to peace each anxious doubt!
 Oh! know'st thou why, ere midnight bell
 Hath closed the weeping eye in sleep,
 That talisman, like wizard's spell,
 Can bid that eye no longer weep?
 It is, that mem'ry's crystal gates
 Yield instant to that magic key;
 The pang of present woe abates,
 By showing past felicity!
 The sever'd ringlet leaves the breast
 (Its glossy brightness dimm'd by tears;)
 Each silent night, since first 'twas prest
 To it—by words, time but endears!
 The mimic image lends to view
 Each feature of the cherish'd face;
 The timid smile—the eye of blue—
 The blush of love—its dearest grace—
 The parted lips, that seem to say
 (For fancy still deludes the heart!)
 "Be ever, when thou art away,
 As true—as fond—as now we part—
 If any hour, a joy can come,
 When thou art sunder'd far from me;
 Or sorrow bids thee mourn for home,
 Then would I *most* remembered be.
 Or, still amid the festal halls,
 When Pleasure lights each tearless eye;
 And Beauty's smile thine heart enthalls,
 Remember me in grief—and sigh!"
 Such were the words of parting love!
 So pure—methought an angel spoke!
 They're surely register'd *above*,
 And dare not on the *earth* be broke!
 Such were the words that on mine ear
 In truthful accents fondly fell;
 While on my breast the anxious tear
 Seal'd Constancy's undying spell!
 The smile that glows when lovers part,
 Is but recall'd with bitt'rest pain;
 Seeming to mock the bursting heart,
 That writhes in Love's tyrannic chain—

But oh, the tear—the precious tear—
Shed, when they are doom'd to sever,
Each after-mem'ry makes more dear,
Haunting it most sweetly, ever—
It is embalm'd in the heart's core,
With all of youth's most trusted things ;
A holy relic to adore,
When Hope hath closed its halcyon wings !
Yes—when all else that once could calm
That heart—is held no longer dear,
Remembrance yields its sweetest balm,
In that spontaneous—love-born *tear* !

II. I'D RATHER HAVE THAT FADED ROSE.

I'd rather have that faded rose,
Discarded from thy bosom now,
Than gem, which in Golconda glows,
Rich e'en for monarch's jewell'd brow ;
For it hath rested near thine heart,
(Affection's purest, tend'rest shrine ;)
Then prest to mine, it must impart
One borrow'd pulse of hope from thine !

Then give it me—the only thing
I now presume to crave from thee,
But gently pray ! Nay, do not fling
Thy gift with such disdain at me.
Oh ! it were kinder to deny
The precious boon I now implore,
Than grant it with such angry eye,
And smile of scorn, that tortures more !

Each wither'd leaf appears to tell
A tale of vanish'd loveliness,
When Hope and Beauty wove their spell,
And Pleasure too combin'd to bless
The fleeting days of trusting youth ;
When Falsehood seemed a faded dream,
And Love, the very holiest truth
That ever Poet made his theme.

Poor worthless flow'r ! yet am I now
As worthless too as thou art deem'd,
Tho' I have drank love's fervent vow—
And on me fondest eyes have beam'd—
And snowy hands in mine been prest,
(Which trembled in their own delight !)
And softest whispers coyly blest
The form, now loathsome to the sight.

Although so rudely cast away,
 The perfume of thy beauty fled,
 Will sweetly o'er each future day
 An odorous memory constant shed.
 But oh, for me! in Time's dark cave,
 Will no remembrance fragrant dwell;
 One pensive thought of me, to save
 From loathed oblivion's dreary cell!

Dear flower! I envy then thy doom;
 Like thee, I've bask'd in beauty's ray—
 Like thee, I was caress'd in bloom—
 Like thee, discarded in decay,—
 But there resemblance ends! On thee
 She yet may muse, nor feel the shame
 To blush, for the base perfidy
 That wanton quench'd love's brightest flame!

III. THE MOTHER, THE BABE, AND THE CHERUBS.

A little babe lay sleeping,
 Its mother watch was keeping;
 To mark the artless laughter break,
 As if its *soul* were still awake;
 The colour, that did come and go,
 With such a vividness of glow,
 As if the blushes from its heart
 To paint its cheeks, were coy to start;
 The tiny hand, stretch'd heedless out,
 The ripen'd lips' inviting pout;
 The eyes, which nearly show'd their blue
 Beneath their lids of pearly hue,—
 Fill'd her with such intense delight,
 She grew ecstatic at the sight;
 And into song her raptures flung,
 Low as her *heart* alone—then sung:—
 "Ye cherubs! hov'ring on light wings
 Attend! for now a mother sings.
 Ye radiant beings! do ye know
 Ye have a brother here below?
 Behold my child! with brow so fair,
 Margin'd with locks of golden hair;
 Oh! is there in the realms above
 A creature challenging such love?
 Doth he not look like one of ye,
 In his untainted purity?
 Now, with that smile so innocent,
 As if on upward dream intent?
 O cherubs! when I forward trace
 The crimes—may darken o'er that face,
 The cares—may wring that placid brow;
 The shame—that beauteous form may bow—

I almost wish he were indeed
 Of thy blest band—temptation freed ;
 Yet it would be such woe to part !
 To win him joy, would break my heart !
 Then grant my next most anxious pray'r,
 Protect him from sin's dang'rous snare,
 When I am snatch'd by death away,
 Dread nature's awful debt to pay.
 Should I, (alone through God's great love,)
 Be deem'd fit for His courts above ;
 Oh ! then from earth's pollution free,
 Waft him on kindred wings to me !"

THE MOST MODERN CONTINENTAL AUTHORS, IN A
 SERIES OF LETTERS.—No. II.

GERMAN POETS.—FREIHERR V. ZEDLITZ.

"WHAT is truth ?" said the scoffing Roman, and the lips which alone could have solved the problem, opened not to answer : "What is truth ?" many a lofty mind hath since then demanded, and if any of them have been answered, the reply has remained within them, and they have not given it forth to a world that could not receive the light. Another question similar to this has as often been asked, and as yet never answered : "What is poetry ?" Definition has succeeded definition, and explanation explanation, but they were but echoes of the word, and the difficulty continued the same. What has remained a secret to so many mighty minds, will probably remain a secret to us, and we must be content with our own individual impressions on the subject—impressions often too deep to be given forth in words. Poetry is doubtless creation ; and, as the great work of creation itself, equally wonderful as it is in every part, yet in each part makes impressions of different degrees of strength on differently constituted minds, so may we suppose in the kingdom of ideas, that what to one mind is a new and glorious creation, to another has been through life bound up with his existence, and has become a very household word : that what to one will be a thrice told tale, will be to another the lifting of the curtain from a wondrous mystery. If such be the case, we can scarcely judge of poetry, except by considering the constitution of the majority of minds who are to be benefited thereby, and in this light the poetry of the "Freiherr von Zedlitz" is of the most eminently useful nature. Sweet and impassioned, as the bee draws honey from every bright flower, his muse has ransacked heaven and earth for forms of pure beauty, and has shrined them in a temple of "exceeding glorious verse." The poetry of Zedlitz has nothing to shock our best feelings, and every thing to please them. Romance and love, and that sweet melancholy rapture which has so especially distinguished the female poets of England, all combine their choicest charms to add lustre to his name. He may be taken also, and for this reason we have

selected him first, as no unfair specimen of the poets of "Young Germany;" all of whom are more remarkable for their lyric melody, than for any other branch of poetry. They have, too, to occupy a very important position in the strife of opinions throughout Europe. On the one hand, by their peculiar cognizance of the "things of sense," they present a barrier to the wild speculations of the metaphysical schools of Germany, and on the other, by their purity and beauty, they drive far away that luscious sensuality into which the poetry of external nature so frequently degenerates. The German poets of the present day are not, however, entirely confined to the fields of sense; but, though this is the chief source from which they draw their gentle melodies, they show, by occasional flights of wild beauty, that they, like their more speculative countrymen, can dive deep into the hidden things of humanity, and lay bare the inmost workings of man's spirit. In the specimens I have selected from Herr von Zedlitz, the subjects are all drawn from the sensible world, though the idea of the "*αὐτὸ το καλόν*," the *very* beautiful itself in the poet's mind has refined and purified their earthliness.

Our poet is a soldier, and has apparently some predilection for wars and warriors, of course in a poetic light. Napoleon, that as yet unriddled mystery, is an especial favourite, and he has devoted two of his best, though wildest, poems, to his name. The one, entitled "The Midnight Review," has been already presented to the English reader: the other has not, that I am aware, been yet translated. Here it is for the reader's judgement. It is, as are all the other translations, here given in the metre of the original.

"THE SPIRIT SHIP.

The breezes moan and the clouds advance,
Not a star in the sky to see;
And o'er the main may be seen to dance,
A vessel hurriedly.
That vessel is steered by spirit hands,
It hasteth restlessly on,—
No storm can harm it,—no hidden sands,—
Nought living is thereon.

In a sea where rest to the wave is given,
A far, hidden island lies,—
A desolate rock soareth up to heaven,—
The dark cloud aye round it flies.
There bloometh no flower, no tree is there,
Not a bird his nest there raises,
And the eagle alone, from the realms of air,
On the desolate wilderness gazes.

The monarch's lone tomb one may there behold,
In the desert unfenced 'tis made;
And his sword, his helm, and his staff of gold,
Are over his coffin laid.
Nought lives around, and earth's clamorous calls
In his ear no more may ring,
Not an eye on his mournful resting-place falls,
And yet he was once a king.

Changes the moon, and the year hastes away,
 He lies unmoved in the gloom,
 Till the fifth night hath arrived of May,
 Then stirreth the corpse in the tomb.
 This is the night when his restless sprite
 Descends to the earth below,
 And his corpse enlivened doth this night
 Thro' the world its circuit go.

On the lonely shore a vessel lies,
 Its sails with the blast are filled,
 And high on the mast the banner flies—
 Bees of gold on a snow-white field.
 The monarch embarks:—as a bird thro' air
 Hastes the ship in its stormy flight,
 Not an oar appears, no helmsman is there
 To pilot it through the night.

The kingly spectre stands lone 'mid the blast,
 And gazes into the night,
 And his bosom heaves, and his breath comes fast,
 And wakens his dark eye's light.
 And the ship has come to a well-known strand,
 And his arms to its shores he holds,
 His spirit leaps up, for it is his land—
 His own dear land he beholds.

He steps from the bark, and his stand he takes
 On the soil he trod oft before,
 And her bosom, where'er he paceth, quakes,—
 He, the star that burns no more.
 His cities he seeks and finds them gone,
 The nations around seeketh he,
 Which when he walked in the light of the sun,
 Billowed round like a flooding sea.

He seeks for his throne, to the earth 'tis hurled
 Which he reared in the clouds so high,
 From whence he beheld the prostrate world
 At his feet like a vassal lie.
 He seeks the loved child from whom fate had reft him,
 Whom he fondly his kingdoms gave,
 But the heir is gone, and the *name* that he left him
 That heir was too weak to save.

'Where art thou? whither my child, hast thou past,
 Who with crowns in thy cradle didst play?
 Those happy days when I clasped thee fast
 To my bosom are fled away.
 Wife of my love, my heart's dear son—
 My race doth no more remain;
 And the subject sits on the monarch's throne,
 And the monarch is subject again!"

Our poet is an eclectic of the highest order, so much so that he seems to have verified the famous character:—

"In moderation placing all his glory,
 By Tories called a Whig, by Whigs a Tory."

One particular instance of his pursuit of the "*via media*" is recorded. A play of his called the "*Star of Seville*," when published, was attacked by the movement party as an embodiment of the spirit of ab-

solutism in its worst shape, while at the same time it was stigmatized by the Austrian censorship as of a democratic tendency, and its performance prohibited. I have not seen the play, but who can doubt that its principles were just as they should be. Notwithstanding, however, this *general* eclecticism, he seems to be an enthusiastic patriot, which is shown by many a lay in praise of the "land of the glorious Rhine," as well as by many impersonations of patriotic feelings. Witness the following tale of

"THE DYING WARRIOR.

Here is the goal, here let my coffin lie,
 'Twas here my bosom felt the wound of death,
 Here I beheld the haughty foeman fly,
 Here, on this spot, will I resign my breath.

Leafless yon alders stood in sad array,
 When here we fought that conflict of despair,
 And now 'tis verdant, incense-breathing May,
 Those trees arch over me no longer bare.

The foemen were a mighty, countless host,
 When here we fought that conflict of despair;
 Now is their pride and power for ever lost,
 Their countless corpses lie decaying there.

Slavery or death was then our only choice,
 When here we fought that conflict of despair;
 But now doth freedom once again rejoice,
 Its dawn appears with sanguine hue yet fair.

Ye, my beloved children, come ye nigh,
 And hear your father's testament and will;
 My breath is failing me, my tongue is dry,
 My limbs are ice, my heart alone burns still.

My sons, supporters of our ancient race,
 Heirs of my blood shed gladly for my land;
 I perish *one*, ye *twain* shall fill my place,
 And as your father stood, so ye shall stand.

And as your father fell, so fall shall ye,
 And fight till limb from limb your frames are torn;
 And from the lofty goal ye shall not flee
 Until to better fates your home is born.

And ye, my daughters, in your beauty's pride,
 I leave you poor, rich as I was before;
 Nought that I had was to my land denied,
 Even to the wreath of pearls your mother wore.

Yet when you walk in bridal robe along,
 The myrtle crown alone upon your brow,
 A new-freed land will hail you with the song
 That blood-stained fetters no more bind them now.

Then shall her maidens, poor like you, be near,
 Then shall her heroes hail you joyously;
 For blood and poverty is all our gear,
 And all our conflict's fame and sanctity.

Our fathers' God still lives—his voice is failing,
 The hero dies.—Breath of sweet flowers is there—
 The forest rustles—through the trees is sailing
 A snow-white eagle in the fields of air."

This is, indeed, lovely. We feel as though the breath of sweet flowers were around us, we stand among the rustling alders by the side of the dying warrior, and we catch faint glimpses of the inspiration which sees the snow-white eagle sailing through the fields of air. In this latter event, by-the-bye, the martyred Bishop of Smyrna preceded *our* hero, for at his death, 'tis said, a milk-white dove did hover above his ashes, and then fled away to the heavens, whither *he* was bound. Our poet, like all true poets, seems to have perfect faith in the minstrel's powers and the might of song; he would assent to poor Shelley, when, in his raptures, he called poets "the legislators of the world—the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration." Among many beautiful illustrations, take the following spirit version of Arion's wondrous tale. 'Tis called

"THE POOR MINSTREL.

Why throng the folk together? a ship parts from the sands,
With purple golden garments a king upon it stands;
A radiant light around him flings the crown upon his head,
As though the sun upon the main its beamy splendours shed.

And who stands by that monarch? It is a minstrel poor,
A warm heart and a harp he hath, alas! he hath no more;
Save that her scarf at parting gave the chosen of his heart,
From which, while life within him burns, he never more will part.

Merrily sails the vessel on, and cheerily blows the blast,
And joy the monarch fills as though all peril were o'erpast;
'Now, raise in pleasant measures, O minstrel, raise the song,
That o'er the waves to thy sweet tones our bark may dance along.'

The minstrel strikes the sounding chords: full joyously they move,
When lo! they see the stormy clouds are gathering fast above;
The ocean boils beneath them with a low and moaning sound,
The floods their murmurs utter, and the thunder rolls around.

And all upon that ship grow pale save one—in peace alone
The minstrel views the wakening floods and hears the wild waves moan;
Nought hath he death can take from him, for holy poesy
And love almighty in the breast may never, never die.

The storm the vessel seizes and hurls it 'neath the wave,
Where opens for it widely the abyss's yawning grave;
With might the monarch struggles long, but down, down heavily,
The golden crown and mantle drag—he sinks beneath the sea.

What rises from the billows now? what gleams so pure and white?
'Tis the poor minstrel, lo, the waves restore him to the light;
The dolphin bends his ready back to him, and for a sail,
Behold his loved one's well-prized scarf is fluttering in the gale.

Thus rides he thro' the tempest and awakes his gentle lay,
The waves grow smoother as he floats upon his watery way;
And clearly sounds from out the deeps, 'Yes, holy poesy,
And love almighty in the breast, ye never, never die.'

Yes! though the minstrel's mouth be dumb, tho' trees in sacred gloom,
And grassy hillock sinking fast mark out his lowly tomb;
On other lips, from other mouths, his tuneful numbers pour,
And still his spirit joys in them beyond yon distant shore!

She whom his heart had chosen, ennobled in his song,
 Bears far on golden pinions the glowing verse along
 To future ages onward,—and though *he* died *she* lives
 As long as one of all his lays a gentle echo gives!

This song I sung at Spring's approach, and still its echoes breathe,
 A prize unto the fairest round her snowy brow to wreath."

I know not whether Herr v. Zedlitz has adorned the brow of any chosen one with this fairy wreath of his: if he has not, many a fair girl in England should be proud of the adornment, unless the beautiful original has become *very* dull and dim in the ordeal it has had to pass through. It were well if there were no exception to the rule of pure and constant love this new Arion manifested; but candour compels us to state, that we fear Herr v. Zedlitz is of the butterfly kind, and of so grave and heavy a charge we hasten to bring forward our proofs. We appeal to our readers whether the damsel who forms the subject of the following *Moor(e)ish* effusion was fairly treated.

" SURE COMFORT.

Hang'st thou thy head grief laden
 For that we now must part?
 Didst thou then deem, silly maiden,
 Thou hadst for ever my heart?
 Thy flower I have not broken,
 Nor thee of thy wreath bereaved.
 The breezes have with thee spoken,
 The winds thou hast believed.
 Because as I found thee I took thee,
 Thoughtst thou I aye should thee take?
 Because I yet never forsook thee,
 Thoughtst thou I ne'er should forsake?
 Because I was mad with fever,
 And kissed in a dream thy brow;
 Didst thou imagine for ever
 I should call thee 'my bride,' I trow.
 Be calm, then, and dry up thy tears, love,
 Thy heart will not break, I know;
 Warm blood and eighteen years, love,
 My girl, thou'lt not die of woe."

Shame! shame! Herr v. Zedlitz! The poet should not ebb and flow like the inconstant ocean. But, perhaps, it was not thine own love that thou didst so cruelly desert. Perhaps, too, 'tis only a portrait drawn from the teeming brain? Thou needest not to answer: our clemency shall save thee on this plea from the justly incurred sentence. Yet, surely as thou art a poet, thou hast loved. Oh, yes! Our poet is no exception: witness the following sunshiny, or more strictly speaking, moonshiny effusion:—

" LOVE'S PRAYER HEARD.

On a sweet spring night—the pale stars above,
 The silvery moon o'er earth her bright beams throwing,
 Coolness and balmy silence o'er us flowing,
 With her I walked in confidence of love,
 On a sweet spring night, the pale stars above.

In feeling rich, tho' poor in wordy form,
 Our eyes speak love with soft and gentle greeting,
 Cheek rests on cheek, and heart on heart is beating,
 'Thine, thine for ever,' cried I, true and warm,
 In feeling rich, though poor in wordy form.

And 'thine for ever,' echoes back again—
 The heavens are opening wide, to me beholding,
 Life seems to me its wondrous things unfolding,
 While happiness returns, long checked by pain,
 And 'thine for ever,' echoes back again."

Alas! alas! how full of disappointment is life! Well did the preacher say, that all was vanity. Were such vows as these to be broken, such happiness—was it to be interrupted? Alas! so said the fates; and Cupid had, in this case at least, scarce plumed himself for flight when a rude hand struck him to the earth. And now, ye lady readers of our Magazine, who think ye broke the vow? Methinks I see already the swan-like necks stretched eagerly forward, and hear the pretty words hurrying with all the haste and twice the music of a fairy cascade:—

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot on sea and one foot on shore,
 To one thing constant never."

Very pretty, fair ladies; and as *you* say it, doubtless very true. But it was not so in this case. These *moonlight* vows indeed turned out to be *moonshine*—but it was the lady that repented first: wherefore we have our poor rejected lover sighing forth hosts of melancholy lyrics, and hugging his sorrows as though he loved them.

"All things living have deceived me,
 And of all my hopes bereaved me,
 All like idle vanity
 Changed and fled away from me.
 One thing only ever true
 Hath remained and ever new,—
 My heart—its smart!"

"Gracious heavens! are these things to be?" and do thy thunderbolts, oh Jupiter, sleep? But we forgot. Gentlemen, not ladies, in all recorded instances, have been the object of Jove's thunders: so the lady must go on in her perjury, until—she dies of remorse. Why, she hath even driven the poor gentleman mad. Hear his extravagant wishes. In one poem he desireth to present a necklace to some imaginary love, and wishes no less than sun, moon, and stars to string thereon! Hear him once more in his own words.

"A WISH.

Little do I need to charm me,
 Yet that little lies afar;
 I would from that starry army
 Pluck one dear, one only star—
 Such a boon, I ween, would gar me
 Live content with all that are."

Again, hear his misanthropy—misogyny I had better say.

“ If thou wouldst thy love should stay,
 To the desert thou must hie ;
 Thither where there leads no way,
 Far from mortals thou must fly.
 Choose for home some darksome cave
 In the deepest wilderness :
 Wouldst thy heaven uninjured save,
 Hide thee in the rock's recess.
 Let the tiger guard the door,
 That his tongue he may embrue
 In each comer's blood. Be sure
 Whom he rends not *will* rend you !
 If two faithful hearts should cherish
 Each the other's happiness,
 E'en of envy men would perish,
 Should such fate a mortal bless.
 Hide thee, then, from human sight,
 In the wild beast's forest den,
 Dread not his untutored might,
 Rather dread the *best* of men.”

Poor fellow ! he seems reduced to a sad state of despondency here. But he has still one trial to go through, a meeting with his perjured love, the last and hardest trial of all, and with his exquisitely beautiful description of it we must conclude our quotations for the present. It exhibits the true feelings of a poet, resting even with a broken heart in the pleasures of an unrestrained fancy, the poet's own kingdom, of which none can bereave him. It is called “ Extinguished Love,” and here it is.

“ Leave, O leave me still thine hand !
 Leave me still that only treasure :
 Thou hast ta'en all other pleasure,
 Leave, O leave me still thine hand.
 Though thou feel'st for me no more,
 Let me still in dreams be straying,
 Doubting still, and still delaying,
 Though thou feel'st for me no more.
 Grant to me this solace small !
 Here I make the final cession
 Of my brightest, best possession ;
 Grant to me this solace small !
 Even shouldst thou press my hand
 As in years when love was burning,
 I'll not deem it love returning,
 Even shouldst thou press my hand.
 Pressing hands is only greeting,—
 Nearer far are love's caresses,
 Lip to melting lip he presses,
 Pressing hands is only greeting.
 Pressing hands is not an oath,
 Not eternal promise spoken :
 Yet e'en those, thou know'st *are* broken :
 Pressing hands is not an oath.

Leave me, therefore, still thine hand !
 What is gone, is gone for ever :
 Peace thou canst restore me never,
 Leave me, therefore, still thine hand."

And now—the verdict ! Is Herr v. Zedlitz a poet, or is he not ? Undoubtedly he is. The spirit of beauty is within him, and he presents all things as through a magic glass. To him life with its chequered scenery is not mere every-day life : nature to him, with its green fields, its soaring mountains, and its vine-clad hill-sides, is not as nature to the common man. Doubtless, with man's fall nature fell too, and the shades cast by approaching death passed across her unsullied brow : and surely it is the poet's office, and by no means his lowest, to remove the veil of sin and sorrow which shrouds all things, even the most beautiful, and show us through the world we have lost faint glimpses of that which we may one day gain. The muse seems to have especially favoured our poet, for it would be hard through all his volumes to find one subject which his magic wand hath touched and not surrounded with a halo of immortal beauty. The form, too, of his thoughts is beautiful exceedingly : the delicate verse and the expressive words in which each is clothed, almost lead us to forget how inadequate words are to express the wondrous things within us.

Of her rising poets, in truth, Germany need not be ashamed. The shades of Schiller and Goethe may rejoice that their mantle has fallen on no unworthy successors. Sweet as are their lyric effusions, they may many of them lay claim to excellence in the higher fields of poetry. The "Garlands of the Dead" of Herr v. Zedlitz, which we purpose at a future time to notice, and the "Breviary of a Layman," by Schefer, are poems which neither Schiller nor Goethe would have scorned to claim as their own. We, too, in England, are in an especial manner bound to notice the poets of "New Germany." Their works abound with translations from, and expressions of high admiration for our English bards. Freiligrath in particular, whose poems have been already noticed in the pages of the MONTHLY, has translated Coleridge's poem for eternity, "The Ancient Mariner," and V. Zedlitz has echoed in the sweet melody of the original the "Fare thee well" of Lord Byron. It is, too, no slight step to the promotion of that universal syncretism of which this Magazine has been an unflinching advocate, to infuse into our own language the brightest thoughts of the brightest spirits of other lands, that so, through the medium of "gentle verse," mankind may all tend to that same ideal standard of perfection, to which it is the poet's highest duty to point, and whither he *should* account it his highest privilege to lead the way.

LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(*To be continued.*)

SUPPLEMENT TO LOCKE'S METAPHYSICS, ILLUSTRATED BY OWEN'S SOCIALISM.

It is evident that a new era has commenced in religion. Reverend fox-hunters and priestly play-goers will soon be extinct. The Church of England is as rigidly abstinent from the amusements of the world

as the strictest body of dissenters. Doctrinal expositions have taken the place of what were termed "sound moral discourses," and the different items of our theological creed are often insisted on with a zealous pertinacity, which scarcely affords a moment's space for the inculcation of Christian love.

The indecorums of the by-gone priesthood were certainly far from seemly. But we fear that there is still great necessity for church reform. We speak not so much in respect of pluralities, rates, or tithes, as in matters more connected with the character and being of religious teachers and disciples.

We cannot be content until the doctrines of religion are made subordinate to religion itself; and until the wretched charlatanism which professes to generate feelings by a creed, is entirely abrogated. Most desirous, indeed, are we that the tenets of Christianity should be lucidly and constantly set forth, but the paramount object of the pious mind will be the promotion of Christianity itself. A true Christian must hold true doctrines; although the mere *doctrinaire* may be the very antithesis of a Christian. It is easy for the mind to give in its adherence to certain propositions which are irrefutable, and to believe others enunciated by the same authority, even when they transcend the apprehension of the individual. For it is not altogether an insecure mode of reasoning, to infer the truth of uncomprehended statements when announced by oracles, which so far as we have yet interpreted them, are found infallible.

But this is a belief, speculative at best, and in a measure vague. It is half knowledge, and half conjecture. Yet it is impossible that any creed which is generated rather by the intellect than the affections, should be of a nature more definite or satisfactory. The intellect beholds the region of truth at a distance, discerns its outlines, and guesses at the rest. But the sympathies are the very home of truth; for what is truth but vital sincerity? Facts may be *true*, and views may be *true*; but they are not *truth*. Truth is *SINCERE BEING*; it is not the perception of man, or the deed of man, but when it is constituted, it becomes the heart of man. And take this with you, ye wretched *doctrinaires*, who would almost special plead from God's universe the privilege of God's mercy—that all conclusions are heartless, of which the heart is not the premises.

It is certainly most painful to a true Christian to see the animosity with which doctrines are perpetually discussed in our pulpits. Little hesitation has the High Calvinist in decreeing to eternal penalties those who believe that heaven's grace is free to all mankind. And the Arminian is, in his turn, only too often, equally bitter towards the Antinomian. Those who plead for works, and those who insist on faith, frequently show, in their own instances, the ungodliness of the former, and the total absence of the latter. We have even had the ill-fortune to hear furious controversies between those who anticipate and those who deny the Millennium; the unchristian disputants all the while forgetting that the reign of universal peace, whenever it may arrive, cannot include *wranglers* in its dominion.

As we said before, we hold it of importance that religious doctrines should be stated; but religion itself must be the great consideration.

The truly religious man is one in whom all charity abides. He is God's witness by the loveliness of character; and testifies to the excellence of Christianity by all holy and amiable dispositions. However heretical may be the opinions of men, he dares not become their persecutor; he would fain be their friend. He wins and attracts them by the benignity of his nature to the audience of those great truths which he has to propound, and which he lives to exemplify. He impresses upon our minds the existence of heaven by exhibiting a character not all unmeet for the celestial denizenship.

The most sublime and vital doctrines of our faith can only be apprehended in the direct ratio that religion is developed in the human breast. A state of preparation is necessary to understand the Scripture, nay, even the prayer that such understanding may be granted, must be offered from a religious impulse. It is in vain that we seek to behold the "wondrous things that are written in God's law," unless God himself open the eyes to their perusal. It is in vain that the atonement of Christ is presented to the contemplation of the obdurately selfish. Its worth, its glory, its immeasurable mercy, never to be *estimated* by the most love-fraught spirit, cannot even be surmised by the loveless one. We are told by St. Peter, whose language entirely corroborates our present argument, that "they that are unlearned and unstable wrest the Scriptures unto their own destruction."

Now if the above statements (positively confirmed as they are by Scripture declaration), be indeed true, there must be, antecedent to the vital reception of Holy Writ and the doctrines which it contains, a humble and loveful disposition, originated by no outward instrumentality. There must, in one word, be a submission to the teachings imparted by the holy and ever-present spirit, through the conscience, to man. And here we see the baneful effects of Locke's philosophy, which, in denying such *à priori* teaching, denies, at the same time, all the external means which the love of God has provided for his creatures. For, if you reject the presence of the Spirit, you reject that which can alone produce a true comprehension of Scripture; and if you reject the true comprehension of Scripture, you manifestly reject the Scriptures themselves. Thus does the *à posteriori* philosophy necessarily involve Deism! This, however, need excite no surprise, as we have seen before that it is identified with Atheism. Truly to believe is to be conformed to the character of Him in whom we believe. It is possible to be orthodox in head and heterodox in heart. It is possible to be credist in view, and infidel in character. There is an unloveliness of soul, which is the Atheism of Being, and this may clothe itself with the surplice, harangue from the pulpit, marry at the altar, and read prayers by the grave!

We mean not to include in the reprehension which is due at this moment to a large body of the church,—all its members. We cannot think of the departed Robert Hall,* the present Baptist Noel, and Chauncey Hare Townsend, without rejoicing that in the most bigotted

* We have said that we use the word church in its universal and noumenal signification.

era of modern professorship there have been illustrations of Christian principle.

To those who are true disciples of our Saviour, these remarks, rebuking the intolerance of the times, and pointing to evils which subsist with, and are supported by a false system of philosophy, will not seem uncalled for. In the meantime, may the Almighty grant to this empire, harassed not less by religious than political animosity, "*that most excellent gift of CHARITY without which whosoever liveth is accounted DEAD before him.*"

J. W. M.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

DESCRIPTION OF A PIECE OF ANCIENT DAMASK, IN THE
POSSESSION OF W. G. COLCHESTER, ESQ.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

FICTION has its truth, and history its fiction. But though the truth-like be not always the true, works of the former class approach excellence in proportion as they faithfully reveal the workings of the human mind, the hopes and fears, affections, sentiments, and passions, which directed, intercepted, or crossed by one another, make up that strange mystery, individual character. History, on the other hand, really gives us, for the most part, only a skeleton outline of events. Laws were passed and battles fought, which decided the fate of kings and kingdoms; yet it is impossible to read their chronicles with common care and interest, without feeling that the pages which tell of the hidden springs of action, the petty accidents, and petty interests, which, like revolving wheels, set the whole in motion, are after all little better than conjecture. But a picture, a statue, a piece of arras, or any other of the hundred relics of antiquity, is a mute evidence that such things were, and though in itself it professes not to fill up that bare outline, the task is neither unprofitable nor unpleasing. These remarks are not irrelevant to a curious specimen of ancient damask in the possession of W. G. Colchester, Esq., by whose kind permission the following description is published.

The length of the napkin, the fabric of which is extremely fine and beautiful, is forty-six, and the breadth thirty inches. In the centre we find an emblazonment of the royal arms of France and England quarterly, as borne by the house of Tudor, with the supporters adopted by Henry the Seventh; namely, on the dexter side a dragon, and on the sinister a collared greyhound. The shield is surrounded by the garter, with a strap and buckle, and appears suspended from a grated helmet in front, having seven bars. In the motto "*pense*" is spelt "*pence*," which peculiarity, as well as the form of the letters, exactly corresponds with the garter depicted in an old engraving of Henry the Seventh, affixed to Aley's "*Historie*" of that monarch. Upon the helmet is placed a crown with open arches, surmounted by a cross, alternate crosses and fleurs-de-lis surrounding it. The area above the supporters is filled with mantling flowing from the helmet, and beneath their feet, as if growing from the ground, are four distinct flowers;—the first resembling a plantain, the second a columbine, the third a heart's-ease, and the fourth would be declared a lily of the valley, were not the leaves serrated.* Near the flowers we also find the cipher H. R. in gothic characters.

* I cannot trace any appropriate emblems in the flowers. They are not of the heraldic form, and the *sentiments*, which have been attached to them, are simply—for the pansy, "*think of me*," for the lily of the valley, "*return of happiness*,"—the columbine, from the form of its bells, "*folly*," and the plantain, "*genius*." That, however, which I have called the plantain very much resembles the daisy, which little humble flower was adopted as a device by the mother of Henry the Seventh.

At the bottom is a border four and a half inches wide, in the centre of which appears an altar. In the compartment beneath the dexter side of the shield at the extreme end, is a huntsman, sounding a horn, and attended by a collared greyhound. Near to the altar is a stag, or antelope, surrounded by roses, and between the stag and greyhound, is a medallion containing a death's head. Beneath the sinister side of the shield, and with his back to the altar as if defending it, is a man in armour, with his spear presented, apparently keeping a wild boar at bay; and between the point of the spear and the mouth of the boar, corresponding to the opposite side, is a medallion, on which is here depicted a female head, in profile, with flowing hair. On either side the ground is filled up with foliage, roses, and the portcullis. Between this compartment and that containing the royal arms, is a narrower border of three inches wide, in which, directly over the altar, is a ducal coronet; from the coronet rises a cherub-like figure with wings, whose hands, each holding an arabesque branch from which a rose depends, are raised nearly to touch the head; while a kneeling figure on either side appears pushing the branches as if aiding the effort of the cherub to affix them to its head. On each side of the "towelle," and forming a border, we find a column of a mixed character. It is chiefly of the arabesque description, but among its imaginary devices, we perceive the half of a rose, as well as, at the lower extremity, a three-quarters face surrounded by the sun's rays. Upon these pillars, the feet being nearly in a horizontal line with the upper part of the helmet, stand two figures with long waving hair, each holding a branch which nearly in the centre terminates in the elephants' trunks. Between these trunks, and filling up the space immediately over the crown, is a single rose, on either side of which, and beneath the elephants' trunks, is a mirror. The upper border is precisely similar to the wider of the two already described, and the altar being in the centre, the rose just mentioned appears dropping from it.

When we remember the frequent washing of hands, and use of the "hand-towelle" in the religious ceremonies common at the time, I think there can be little doubt that the relic in question was manufactured for some state occasion, most probably a royal marriage or christening. The "Antiquarian Repertory" contains a paper called "Ceremonies and Services at Court," in which the following passage, illustrative of that custom, occurs among the regulations to be observed at the christening of a prince or princess. "Then must the sergeant of the pantry be ready at the chirche dore w^t a towelle about his neke, w^t a faire salt sellere of gold in his hand w^t salt y^r in; then the sergeant of the ewery to be there w^t basyn and ewere for the gossipes to wasche w^t." And circumstantial evidence leads to a rational conjecture, that this piece of damask must have been woven during the early part of King Henry the Seventh's reign, and various emblems induce me to believe for the christening of his eldest son, Prince Arthur. It is considered by competent judges to be of Flemish manufacture; and we learn that about the tenth year of Henry's reign he prohibited trade with the Flemings, in consequence of the part they had taken with Warbeck, and it is highly improbable, such being the case, that their looms would then be employed on an article evidently intended for the use of some part of the royal family. The ceremony of Henry's coronation took place two months after the battle of Bosworth Field; but independently of that being an insufficient space of time for its completion, the monarch was not then married to Elizabeth of York, consequently there would not have been displayed that union of the roses which is typified throughout the whole fabric. Again, had it been designed subsequently to the birth of an heir, there is every probability that among so many *dévises*, we should have found the plume, "Ich Dien," or some other emblem of a Prince of Wales. The cherub-like figure alluded to, in the description of the lower borders, appears rising from a ducal coronet, and it seems to me that little stretch of the imagination is needed to believe that figure typical of the expected heir. However jealous Henry.

might be of his wife's claim to the throne, he would never have disputed her rights as a daughter of the *Dukes* of York and Clarence; the ducal coronet might also signify his own descent from John of Gaunt, "Time honoured Lancaster," while over the head of the cherub, the rival roses at last appear about to join. It is here worth remarking, that, though in the principal compartment, the arms are in every other respect correctly emblazoned, the helmet,—though surmounted by a crown,—is *not* a royal one, having a centre bar, which is never found in regal heraldry; and yet it is represented *in front*, the distinguishing mark of a sovereign prince! Can this anomaly be in any degree accounted for by bearing in mind that the *Earl* of Richmond was crowned *King* on the field of battle with the ornamental crown worn by Richard the Third?

Among the remaining devices, the reader may be reminded, that, of the supporters of Henry the Seventh, the dragon was derived through his grandfather Owen Tudor, from Pen-dragon, the founder of the family. His claim to the greyhound is disputed. Sandford tells us, "that having been used by the house of York, the greyhound was assumed by Henry in right of his wife, who had derived it from her grandmother's family of Neville, and he did sometimes use two greyhounds, but it is thought he derived it from the Duke of Somerset, of whom Margaret Beaufort (his mother) was sole heir." The portcullis was adopted as a type of the castle of Beaufort, where John, great-grandfather of Henry the Seventh, was born; being one of the "valorous sons" of the Duke of Lancaster, who obtained their legitimation by a bull granted by Pope Urban the Sixth, a charter from his nephew, Richard the Second, and finally by an act of parliament confirming and enlarging these indulgences. I think enough has been already adduced to fix within a few years the date of the manufacture of the relic in question. Mr. Henry Shaw, F.S.A., however, whose opinion is entitled to the highest respect, declares that the arabesque pillars at the sides do not belong to an earlier period than the reign of Henry the Eighth. How to reconcile this fact with the remaining devices I know not. Very early in his reign, Henry the Eighth took the crowned lion for his dexter supporter, removing the Tudor dragon to the sinister side, and discarding the greyhound altogether. Besides the antelope (a symbol of Margaret Beaufort), and the greyhound advancing towards the altar, which, on the other side, is defended from the attack of the boar, present a picture which tells its own story; for the boar was the crest of the Yorkists, and more especially the distinguishing badge of Richard the Third. Vide the old couplet,—

"The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,
Rule all England under a hog."

The medallions, also, which are found associated in this part of the pattern, seem to represent the rival families. The death's head is an appropriate emblem of the Lancastrians being in the direct line utterly extinct;—and the female head may be supposed to represent the Princess Elizabeth, heiress of the Yorkists. The nude figures standing on the pillars, and supporting the branches above the helmet, I must believe fanciful embellishments;—as for the elephants' trunks, they probably denoted wisdom. Mirrors are sometimes used in heraldry, and in this instance they might bear an interpretation similar to that which Macbeth read in the mirror shown to him by Banquo's descendant.

It remains now to trace the history of the napkin as far as it is possible to do so. It was bequeathed to the mother of the present owner by her aunt, Mrs. Thirkle, who died in the year 1770, at a very advanced age; and the tradition is that it was kept by her with other articles of a similar texture, and called *king's linen*. This lady was descended from the family of Sparrowe, of whom it is said in Mr. Clarke's History of Ipswich, that "they were more intimately connected with the corporation of the town than any family on record." We find the name of Mr. Bailiff Sparrowe so far back as the

year 1540, and a gentleman of the name was Town Clerk when Mr. Clarke's work was published, in 1830. The circumstance, however, of the family being one of note in the town does not account for its possession of the *king's linen*, unless indeed any weight belongs to the tradition that some of its members were among those who assisted Charles II. in his escape after the battle of Worcester. There is an engraving of Mr. Sparrowe's house in Clarke's History, which he mentions and describes as one of the greatest architectural curiosities of the town;—and after alluding to the chamber in which the monarch was concealed, he thus proceeds:—"It is certain that there are many circumstances tending to place beyond a doubt, that there was a peculiar and intimate connexion between this monarch and the Sparrowe family," and then citing several original portraits of the king, besides some interesting ones by Vandyke, Kneller, and Lely, he mentions "two beautifully executed miniatures of the king and Mrs. Lane splendidly set in gold; which were, it is said, presented by this sovereign to his host, when he left the place of his concealment; and the royal arms on the front of the house tend still further to corroborate the conjecture." Ipswich was also visited more than once by Queen Elizabeth;—it was the birth-place of Cardinal Wolsey, the seat which he had destined for one of those "twins of learning"—the one

——— "which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it."

And we find in the reign of Henry VIII. that Ipswich was the occasional residence both of the monarch's brother-in-law, the Duke of Suffolk, and of his vice-chamberlain, Sir Anthony Wingfield. Wolsey, especially, must have been intimately connected with many of the residents; possibly under early obligations to some of them; but at all events it is a fair conjecture that from one of these sources the piece of "King's linen" passed to the Sparrowe family, either as a gift or as an official perquisite.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Practical Observations on Distortions of the Spine, Chest, and Limbs. By W. J. WARD, F.L.S., Surgeon, &c. London: Renshaw, Strand.

No branch of surgery is so susceptible of quackery as that connected with the treatment of distortions. Nearly two-thirds of the works that issue from the press on this subject are merely circulars advertizing particular men, and particular modes of cure. One system of treatment is cried up and another cried down, until the public lose all confidence in the statements of professional men, and express a willingness rather to "bear the ills they have," than subject themselves to the care of surgeons who are exceedingly clever in their own estimation, but superlative charlatans in the eyes of others. We have read with much attention and pleasure Mr. Ward's observations on this subject. He appears to be a man of an enlarged mind. The absence of all empiricism in his work has much pleased us. It is not written to puff himself into practice, but the author's object evidently is to bring some important scientific facts to elucidate a difficult branch of surgical inquiry. Mr. Ward's observations on the influence of muscular exercise on the body are deserving of the attentive consideration of those who undertake the important duties of physical education. In speaking of curved spine the author judiciously remarks that "this disorder is of increasing frequency, more particularly amongst females in the opulent classes of society, a circumstance which, perhaps, may be attributed to the present mode of education, in which greater attention is paid than formerly to the cultivation of the mind and female accomplishments, and less time consequently allowed for the bodily exercise necessary to the preservation of health." We can sincerely recommend Mr. Ward's treatise to all persons interested in this subject. It is replete with useful matter, and deserves the attentive study of all those anxious to mitigate the sufferings of their fellow-creatures.

The Principal Baths of Germany considered with Reference to their Remedial Efficacy in Chronic Disease. By EDWIN LEE, Esq. M.R.C.S. &c. &c. Vol. I. Nassau, Baden and the adjacent districts. London: Whittaker. Paris: Galignani. Frankfort and Wisbaden: Charles Jugel. 1840.

A work much wanted, and which deals so practically with the subject of mineral waters, as to be eminently useful.

THEOLOGY.

The Province of Reason in Reference to Religion. A Lecture against Socialism, being the ninth of a Series delivered under the direction of the London City Mission. By JOHN HOPPUS, LL. D., &c. London: 1840.

It has often been said that to trust men is the only way to make them trustworthy; and in the same way it may be said, that the only available method to make people take rational views on any subject, is to appeal to them as rational beings. It appears to us that the wisest course that could have been adopted to put down the influence of Socialism—a philosophy appealing to reason as its standard, was to show that tried by reason, it is a system altogether baseless and insupportable—bottomed on allegations (*si sic loquor*) which are untrue, and defended by reasonings which are illogical. The lectures which have been delivered under the direction of the London City Mission, seem to us, therefore, to have been admirably adapted for their purpose, and, if there be any sincerity in the Socialists—if, in fact, they do believe what they say they do, we doubt not that these lectures have accomplished a vast amount of practical good.

The discourse to which we have now to invite the attention of our readers is one, from its subject, calculated to render considerable services to the community; not simply in exposing the errors of Socialism, but in contributing to settle, in a very important point, the opinions of many wavering and unsettled minds, and to remove the doubts which have perplexed and shaken the faith of many “who profess and call themselves Christians.” For whilst there are amongst us a very large number who would revolt from expressing a disbelief in Christianity—who still worship at the altar and revere the sanctuary, who are, or rather say they are, *of us*, are still most undoubtedly not *with us*; who have subjected Christianity to a process of their own, by which they accept some doctrines and reject others; who believe not what is written, but what they think ought to have been written; who explain away all that seems to their finite capacities absurd and impossible, and believing God to be such a being, and Christianity such a religion as they think proper, strike out a new doctrine for themselves, of which the source is not sacred Scripture, but human reason.

The relations of reason and religion constitute a subject of the greatest importance, and it seems to us to have been treated by Dr. Hoppus as judiciously as could have been desired—with all the sober enthusiasm of a practical Christian, and all the acuteness of an accomplished philosopher. His lecture does not pretend to be an elaborate treatise on the subject; but he has stated all the grand points of the question with sufficient fulness. He has not sought to vindicate the several doctrines of our faith on the grounds of reason, but has successfully shown that the Socialist has as much violated the principles of reason in *rejecting*, as the Christian is said by him to do in *accepting* the authority of Holy Writ. After criticizing, and with great fairness, some general charges which the Socialists have advanced against their opponents, and returning on them the imputation of bigotry they have delighted in affixing to their opponents, “preaching,” as Burke said, “against monks with the spirit of a monk,” he proceeds to consider “the extent of the province of reason in reference to religion and miracles.” He observes, in the first place, that “Christianity is corroborated by natural theology.” On this subject he dwells at some length, stating in plain but forcible language the evidences that this world in which “we live, and move,

and have our being," *rationaly* warrants our belief that it is the work of an intelligent Creator. Dr. Hoppus does not, however, push his argument too far, contenting himself with establishing by the testimony of nature the existence of a God—his independence and intelligence. He proceeds, in the next place, to inquire into "the province of reason with regard to any system which professes to be a religion revealed to man by a special dispensation from the Creator and Governor of the world." He shows that such a revelation is *possible*, because it has shown that there is a God. There is no impossibility, therefore, that Christianity should be a revelation. Nay, the purity and excellence of its doctrines, render it highly *probable* that it is so. "It is then," adds Dr. Hoppus, "the province of reason to institute a full and impartial examination of the evidences of Christianity." He then proceeds to show how *irrationally* the "Rationalists" act in not examining these evidences. To the historic argument—to the proofs that can be brought that the Scriptures are not "cunningly devised fables"—that they faithfully narrate the conduct of men, who, professing a certain creed, and testifying to certain doctrines in themselves highly moral and blameless, lived like saints, and died like martyrs, who were not profane fanatics, and who could not have been impostors—to the proofs of these things the Socialist writers have obviously paid no attention, contenting themselves simply with objecting to Christian doctrines on the ground of some difficulties in their comprehension, real or supposed. Dr. Hoppus shows then how *irrationally* they act, refusing their belief to a system merely because it is not without its difficulties. "Is the science of mathematics to be rejected," he asks, "because the ablest geometers have been perplexed for 2,000 years respecting the theory of parallel lines?—because there has been much controversy as to the proper mode of treating proportion?—because on the doctrine of vanishing fractions such names as Waring and Maseres, Hutton and Wodehouse are opposed to each other?—because the nature and application of imaginary or impossible quantities has been much disputed, and Euler and Emerson did not think alike on the subject?—or because Euler and d'Alembert had a controversy respecting imaginary logarithms."—(p. 65.)

In discussing "the limits of the province of reason," Dr. Hoppus grapples closely with the great source of the Socialist heresy. It is by the Bible religion has to be tried, and it is of no matter that some of her doctrines appear to us strange and improbable; if they are to be found in that book we believe to have been written by the finger of God, it is enough. We allude to this again, because we believe that the semi-Christian is of all sects the most prevalent, and, at the same time, the most dangerous. "That faith," says Lord Bacon, "which was accounted to Abraham for righteousness was of such a point, as whereat Sarah laughed, who was therein an image of Natural Reason."

We tender our sincere thanks to Dr. Hoppus for this able and useful pamphlet.

MISCELLANIES.

History of England, combining the various Histories by Rapin, Henry, Hume, Smollett and Belsham, corrected by reference to Turner, Lingard, Mackintosh, Hallam, Brodie, Godwin, and other sources. Compiled and arranged by F. G. TOMLINS, Editor of the History of the United States, Ancient Universal History, &c. In three volumes. Stereotype Edition. Williamson & Co.

We had occasion to review Mr. Wade's British History Chronologically Arranged in our January number last year. We then made this observation:—"Mr. Wade's book is distinguished for a certain *catholicity*, which is perhaps the rarest and fairest characteristic of an historian. He has consulted the Papal histories with as much exactness as the Protestant ones, and made them both subservient to the utility of his own work. If Mr. Wade's history is entitled to this commendation, Mr. Tomlins' deserves the same eulogy

for the same excellence. This philanthropic system of combining the scattered lights of the various sects and parties is one of the most striking and the most promising characteristics of the age we live in. Never was the human mind more impatient to unite and harmonize the different rays of truth, that have too long remained scattered and broken by passion and partiality. In this spirit we rely for a new manifestation of human love, glory and happiness, which never can prevail under the exclusive and divisional forms of politics. That which Moore says of Ireland, is equally true of the nation at large :—

“ Erin, thy silent tear never shall cease ;
Erin, thy languid smile ne’er shall increase,
Till like the rainbow’s light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in heaven’s pure sight
One arch of peace.

O Erin ! nunquam tacitos licebit
Sorte felici cohibere fletus
Major haud unquam decorabit ægrum
Gratia risum.

Si tamen sese varii colores
Misceant, Iris velute corruscans,
Te super cœlo aspiciente surget
Pacifer arcus.”

Such is the true genius of national concord and coalition, which Mr. Tomlins has done well to illustrate by this noble history of our country. Noble, we call it—aye take it for all in all, it is the noblest history of England which has yet appeared. The composition of it entitles Mr. Tomlins to the warm gratitude of our fellow-countrymen : for he has displayed a soundness of judgement, and a copiousness of information, not equalled by any one of the historians he has so ingeniously amalgamated. His work indeed forms a sort of literary constellation in which all the stars of our history appear in a galaxy of light. This may look like hyperbole, but those who studiously read and compare these volumes will find it simple truth. We congratulate ourselves on being some of the first who have given this history of England its appropriate fame. Various circumstances, which need not be detailed here, seem hitherto to have conspired against its success. But with a fair field and no favour, this history will be sure to rise in price and popularity. It wants nothing but an accurate index to give it the whip-hand over the ordinary editions of Hume and Smollet.

Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister. By CATHARINE TAYLOR. London : John Murray. 1840.

The chief charm as well as great utility of this book consists in its reflecting in an epistolary style all that can be gained of Italy from other books. There are here many volumes in one. The style is pleasing and the information copious. The criticism on the works of art is generally accurate. Altogether we can warmly recommend these letters as one of the best companions the tourist can take with him into the parts of which it treats.

The Hand-Book up the Rhine. E. Churton, Holles Street. 1840.

This elegant brochure includes a description of all the principal places on the banks of the Rhine as far as Strasburgh and Frankfort, and other secondary routes, and every necessary information respecting passports, money, inns, and modes of conveyance through Holland, the Prussian Rhenish provinces, Nassau, Belgium, &c.

The Sacred Epistles Explained and Familiarized for Young Christians. By JENNETTE W. DAWE. London : Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill. 1840.

The Apostolic Epistles are here well analyzed in the way of question and answer.

The Illustrated Shakspeare, Part XVI. contains *Cymbeline*. The engravings are capital. *History of Napoleon*, Part XIX.—and the new series of *Heads of the People*, No. IX., progress favourably.

MEANS OF RESTORING THE DRAMA.*

THAT the drama has declined—and what be the causes of that decline—are equally obvious. Our attention is continually drawn to dramas that have been neglected, and which indicate ability, had it been encouraged. Among others, Mr. Simon Gray has amused himself for the last fifty years in composing dramas, which, whatever their merits, have “wasted their sweetness on the desert air.”

The first of these received, and deservedly, the approbation of the celebrated Dr. Blair. That the author is a dramatic poet the volume contains abundant evidence—though we cannot afford space to quote from the two plays. Our attention is rather directed to his *Thoughts on the British Drama*, and the means of its restoration.

Deeply impressed with the importance of dramatic literature in reference to the national taste, which it has always helped so much to form, our author inquires whether there is a falling off in the number of play-goers—but thinks there is not, while there is a great increase in the number of play-houses.

“I might here,” he says, “notice our penny theatres. Within these few years, so noted for a mania for cheapness, or low-priced articles, and, of course, for penny things of all sorts, these have sprung up, it seems, in all nooks of London. They attract, it is said, many thousands every night. They are reasonably supposed to have a very immoral influence on the children of the lower classes.”

The writer proceeds to observe, that “though the number of play-goers may be proportionally larger than formerly, the average nightly expenses may be greater than they were, and the terms of admission, combined with the number of paying visitors, may be too low to meet these.

“The terms of the nationals have of late years been lowered; the boxes from 7*s.* to 5*s.* This I think a very judicious reduction, and I should conjecture it is calculated to bring more money visitors. But though five shillings be a fair sum for the dress circle, to make the two other circles pay the same price seems to me to be very unsound statistics. The second should be four shillings, and the third, three. This alteration is not only proper, and warranted by the circumstances, but would bring more money visitors to them. The price for the pit, on the constant return of which so much of a theatre depends, has been reduced from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* at Drury Lane, and to 2*s.* 6*d.* at Covent Garden. I am inclined to think three shillings in the present circumstances, which, of course, determine price-rates for the time,

* The *Spaniard*; or, *Relvindez and Elzora*, a Tragedy; and the *Country Widow*, a Comedy. With Three Letters of Dr. Blair; and *Thoughts on the Present State of the British Drama*, and what seems calculated to improve it. By SIMON GRAY, Esq. London: Longman. 1839.

a fair price. Probably enough, however, it might show judicious statistics to make it 2s. 6d. till Christmas.

"The expenses are certainly enormous. This great outlay may in part arise from very high salaries being given to certain performers of renown; but it is chiefly caused by the great number of persons employed, and the expense of getting up showy spectacles. The two national theatres, it is stated, employ about three hundred persons each in one way or another. The wages alone of such a host, however moderate, must amount nightly to a very large sum. The various dresses of so many, also, must add greatly to the expenditure. Such numbers are rendered necessary by those spectacles in which these theatres have for many years indulged so much, for the whole is show and finery. They have, therefore, fairly brought these grand sources of outlay, the host of persons required, and the outrageously expensive scenery, on themselves.

"A play, founded on nature and reason, that is, on sound taste, which interests the audience by its pathos, or delights them by gay and humorous scenes of real life, requires no great number of persons, and the scenery is as little expensive. Even in the case of a new drama of this sort, there are only a few new dresses wanted, with a little variety in the scenery. Though some of the able actors and actresses in these pieces will have (and they ought to have) good salaries, the expenditure of a theatre, which chiefly restricted itself to this legitimate, and rational, and natural sort of dramas, would thus, on the average, be greatly diminished; perhaps by nearly one third.

"However desirable such a reformation would be in many points, I am fully aware that it cannot be carried into execution at once. In order to draw an audience, the public disposition for the time must be consulted. The manager, therefore, however sound his taste may be, and however much he may disapprove of certain exhibitions which have become popular for the time, must yield, in a certain degree, or he cannot go on. But the attraction which year after year Shakspeare's dramas have kept up, and the run which every new, good, and effective tragedy or comedy is sure to obtain, must prove to him, as it proves to all the true friends of the drama, that this species of drama is that which is always popular, and will never fail to attract. He should, therefore, endeavour gradually to wean the public from that false taste for gorgeous show and unmeaning noise, which are so expensive, and yet, after being once seen and heard, become quite stale and unattractive, and turn it to affecting or delighting dramas. A constant succession of variety of these rational dramas, new and old, alternately, with a mixture of some of the mere singsong, tinselly, and terry sorts of exhibitions, would attract audiences, improve their taste, and make them more and more fond of genuine rational dramas. Every facility should be given to persons of talent to supply them with a constant store."

We must cordially agree with Mr. Gray in the opinion that there should be at least one theatre under the superintendence of government, as a *MODEL THEATRE*, not, as he justly adds, to interfere with others, or to injure them in any way, but to afford them a correct pattern.

“The direction might be in ten persons. Of these there would be three lords, chosen by the House of Peers, and three commoners, chosen by the House of Commons. These six should have the power to nominate four more, two of them to be literary men, and two of them actors,—one in the tragic, and the other in the comic line.”

We disagree, however, altogether with the suggestion, that the direction should be in some leading actor—it should be in the *POET*, and the poet *only*. The following has our hearty concurrence.

“One of the grand objects of the directors should be to encourage a free competition among writers of talent and genius, whether known or unknown.

“Every piece should be received and attended to honestly; no patronage should be needed; the presented piece should rest on its own merits; merely transmitting it, either with or without the author's name, should be sufficient; and the answer, whether favourable or unfavourable, should be given as soon as practicable, with the general reason, if the answer be unfavourable; such as, there is too little action; though perhaps suited for reading, it would be ineffective in acting; a vagueness or deficiency of character; the style of imitation, of sentiment, or of language, not natural. To go further into detail would be inconvenient, unless there was a hope of rendering the piece acceptable by some change.

“The directors should have in their employ at least one person of sound taste, and well acquainted with the drama, who will be ready to assist the author in suggesting, or who, if required by the author, will be ready to make any change which he thinks likely to render the piece more attractive, and this to be at the expense of the theatre.

“As to afford amusement and a pleasing relaxation from serious business, is one of the objects of the theatre; and novelty is one of the most attractive qualities in amusement to all, the committee should endeavour to keep up a constant succession of novelties, either in re-introducing old plays, or bringing forth new ones. Almost any play that is at all tolerable, and which is well brought out, will pay the additional expenses. Every encouragement should be given to known writers, whose subjects are connected with the passions or manners, and indeed to all literary persons possessed of fancy, to bring the house a constant supply.”

“A new play, from the frequent occurrence of it, would cease to be an occasion for people assembling to bait the author, as if he had been a bull prepared for the purpose.

“To the disgrace of Britain this has been the fact for above a century, and though I think latterly there has been an improvement, it is still occasionally so in a considerable degree, I believe; for I have not, for some years, happened to be at the introduction of a new play. Most of the play-goers, both old and young, with the exception of the author's particular friends, seem really to have gone formerly with the express purpose of condemning the play, if they could but find means for doing it. This is truly monstrous. It shows gross stupidity. It really displays the most genuine barbarism.

“The play-writer means to please the audience, and exerts himself anxiously, and with great pains, for the purpose. And what is the

return which these pretended friends of the noblest and most rational of amusements make to this well-intending friend? Why it is, as it were, to treat him like so many savages, with tomahawks in their hands, to revenge themselves on him for his good intentions, because, probably from their mere caprice, he has not succeeded in getting a majority to think he has done what they wanted! And probably, in many of such cases, he would have executed his good and kind intention, had they only possessed candour enough to hear him out, with a wish to be pleased by him, as he had come before them with a wish to please them.

"But it will be asked, are we to submit to have trash imposed on us without resenting it, or at least showing that we disapprove of it? No. But we should act like civilized thinking men. Without assuming that the committee, which I have proposed, would never lend itself to submitting trash, or what does not appear to it to be entitled to a fair hearing, I will say for the managers, as they have long been found to be, that they also would not submit to the public what they did not think fairly worth their hearing. But if they have really misconceived the matter, and the author have failed to accomplish his good intention, let the audience refuse their applause, and the piece will die of itself. This is the treatment with which truly civilized and rightly thinking men would visit an ineffective piece submitted to their verdict.

"As I have already observed, I believe, in this point, there has been latterly considerable improvement, and a mildness of reception, more worthy of a thinking age. The time for the rational reform of all these thoughtless barbarisms is fairly come. And I have too high an opinion of the good sense and good feeling of my fellow-countrymen and fellow play-lovers, not to be convinced, that on seeing their conduct in this case set in a fair, honest point of view, they will do what justice and liberality require of them towards a well-intending author."

Our hopes for the drama, during the next season, rest with the management of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews. Authors with them, we demand, shall have a respectful hearing. They *MUST* produce new pieces; the revival of old comedies will do no good either to the manager, actor, or author.

"The conduct of our managers," says Mr. Gray, "for above a century, has, in this grand point, been very unaccountable. They seem to have wantonly thrown every obstacle in the way of obtaining a supply of proper dramas from the quarter in which they were likely to be found. At the same time they trusted for a supply from those unknown persons who should take it into their head to send in casually a play, which they could scarcely, from what was so well-known, have the least hope of getting accepted. That under the circumstances, most of these would not merit submission to the public, was a most reasonable conjecture. And at the same time, while they seemed to trust to this unwise mode of supply, they appear scarcely to have thought it worth their while, excepting under very peculiar circumstances, to take the trouble of reading them.

"By their intolerable haughtiness and insolence, to say nothing of

their real ignorance and folly, they closed their doors upon all independent men of literary talent and name. It was made nearly as difficult for any such gentleman to get a play received by these folks as to obtain a place in the cabinet council. Unless a writer could get at these insolent despots by means of some very powerful family, or by the aid of some of their mistresses or relations, it was in vain for him to apply. After his piece had lain for a longer or a shorter time, as these dictators thought proper, the piece, in most cases probably without ever being thoroughly read at all, was returned to him with the cold circular reply, that they were obliged to him for the preference given to their house, but the piece could not be produced with advantage to the establishment.

"This strange, imprudent, and irrational conduct had rendered the various managements so odious to writers of reputation, that even those who had dramatic talents, and might have cultivated them to advantage, have, for a century, in general, disdained to have any thing to do with our theatres. The two houses have thus not only lost a supply of dramatic pieces from those best able to supply them, but even the patronage of these gentlemen whose influence is so considerable in society, and of their numerous literary friends. And not only that, but the contemptuous and depreciating manner in which these literary gentlemen indulged, in speaking of those theatres, and the contemptible character of their modern exhibitions, tended powerfully to bring the drama into general disrepute among the educated classes.

"The suppliers, by this unwise management, have been unfortunate literary men, in distress, or persons burning for fame, but incompetent to the task of writing a good tragedy or comedy, and some persons connected with the theatre, over whom the proprietors or managers had the power of employers. For a considerable time past, the houses have been chiefly supplied by the last. Now, whatever the talents of these gentlemen might have done, had they been properly cultivated, or cultivated in the school of real nature, in their circumstances what could be expected from them? Forced to work for certain purposes, and under directions calculated to make them automatons, or to be mere translators from the fashionable rubbish and gorgeous spectacles of the French and German theatres for the season, how could they produce genuine and original dramas? Let their natural talents be what they might, educated as they were in the school of mechanical and really unnatural playhouse nature, and working also in the trammels of dictation as to claptraps, and attending chiefly to what the caprice of the misled public required for the month, how could they produce genuine imitations of the affecting or humorous scenes of real life? It was not their object to exhibit imitations of genuine nature, or to attend to what would rouse interest, or promote gaiety and laughing among rational people and sound critics; but to please the whims of the season, and the momentary prevailing prejudices among the mass of play-goers. Their pieces, therefore, are what they have been constrained to make them, very much copies of one another, and consisting chiefly of mere claptraps, and a constant recurrence of some of those which happen to take till they are completely worn out, and become stale

and repulsive. Occasionally, indeed, pleasing exceptions have taken, and are taking, place, and these show what these gentlemen could do, were they allowed to think, choose, and exert their talents by the genuine law of their profession,—*real imitation of real life*. But the opposite of this has been generally the result of the management for the last century.

“The supply of good pieces, dramas founded on the principles of nature and reason, and possessing some of the eternally pleasing qualities of Shakspeare, would, I am strongly inclined to think, be greatly promoted by the government committee which I have proposed. The encouragement given by them to men of real genius, and of literary reputation, would once more induce these persons to turn their attention to the drama, and trying their powers in that line, as they could without any difficulty get their pieces brought forward.”

Such are some of the suggestions made by our veteran author in favour of the drama. They deserve the utmost attention.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR,

As you seem to have considered my remarks on Education not unworthy insertion in the June number of your Monthly, I am tempted to forward the enclosed trifle in case you should find a vacant corner for it. It was written for the benefit of such of my own sex as are disposed practically to adopt the contrary opinion; and being calculated to correct an error which I believe prevails to some extent in society, I presume to think it may not be inadmissible in a journal devoted to the improvement of the conduct through the enlightenment of the mind; at the same time that I venture to express a hope that such may be its effect upon the (what are generally termed) frail, and therefore more excusable portion of society, I beg particularly to caution any worthy Benedict who may have the curiosity to peruse it, that he be not unmindful of the admonitions it contains for himself.

ON MARRIAGE AS IT RELATES TO WOMAN.

It may be regarded as a theory, which, perhaps, the reality of life will frequently contradict, that a woman cannot love with that intensity of feeling before marriage as she may afterwards. The former, though certainly an original and involuntary affection, which must have a very powerful influence on the mind before it could be supposed that a woman of honour and delicacy would yield entirely to its impulses, is, yet, liable to be controlled by reason and circumstance—to be restrained by considerations of prudence, or by doubts of its tendency to happiness; but when once she has vowed her vow, before God, unto her husband, all such doubts and considerations are immediately removed, and she yields herself to the full tide of her first affection, in the confident assurance that it has become her solemn duty, as it is certainly her highest temporal interest, to love him.

Connected with this there is also another portion of her vow which must not be overlooked, and it is that which relates to obedience.

The word obey, however softly pronounced, has yet something harsh and unpleasant in the sound, and is what the generality of women would willingly dispense with; but it is nevertheless essential to the order of society, and the happiness of the married state, that this obligation should be placed on the woman. It is almost impossible to meet with two minds, however affectionately united, that shall invariably agree with each other on all points; and where a difference arises between married persons, which cannot be overcome by persuasion, the laws of God, and the dictates of reason require that the woman, being the weaker and less responsible, should yield. And her obedience should be willing and cheerful, for a forced and constrained submission that is yielded with discontent and ill-temper, is never calculated to conciliate regard. It may be, indeed, that cases will unhappily arise, in which the higher duty she owes to God, and her own conscience, and even the exercise of her deliberate judgement, will constrain her to withhold her assent. But her behaviour then requires the utmost circumspection; she must call in all the aids of reason and of mild persuasion, avoid every thing which is calculated to provoke, and be careful not to evince even the semblance of a proud or taunting disposition, for although a firm adherence to principle be requisite, such a spirit under any circumstances is highly unbecoming in a woman.

But mutual affection is essential to the happiness of connubial life, and if the wife would have the god of love to smile upon her in the person of her husband, she must remember that his favour must be propitiated by many sacrifices—a sacrifice of self-will and of selfish gratification, a constant desire to please, and to find her happiness in that of her husband. The grace of manhood is that of the strong and dignified, but not proudly towering oak, whose lusty arms are stretched forth to shelter and protect. But woman should rather emulate the gracefully-bending willow, whose leaves and branches so beautifully yield to the passing breeze, and return with equal grace to their natural equanimity. It is in such a disposition of mind, founded on virtuous and religious principle, that feminine grace consists. But let him who is blessed with such an one remember, that in order for this tree to flourish in its native beauty, it is essential that it be watered by a constant stream, and that stream must flow from the fountain of his love; for should it be suffered to dry up through neglect or indifference, or its course be heartlessly turned into another channel, its root will wither, its branches decay, and the tree itself will soon fall lifeless to the ground.

E. P.

THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

ON the eleventh of August her Majesty was pleased to close the late Session of Parliament, which stands accordingly prorogued to Thursday the eighth of next October. The business done had not amounted to much, and no triumph had been won by either party. The Conservative leaders had acted rather as individuals than as party men, and their influence was given rather to the popular than to the Tory

cause. On the question of privilege, Sir Robert Peel sided with the House of Commons, and on the question of the Corn-Laws is supposed to have prepared the way for concessions to the popular cry. Lord Stanley, having at first assumed an *ultra* position in reference to the Irish Registration Bill, changed it ultimately for a neutral one. The Duke of Wellington spoke against, but voted for, the uniting the Canadas; while the Ecclesiastical Duties and Revenues' Bill, though opposed by the Bishop of Exeter, was supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and Sir Robert Peel. At the conclusion of our leading article on the affairs of the Levant, we have shown that in her international relations, Great Britain occupies precisely the same mid point. She is neither Tory nor Whig—she is Conservative. "I am engaged," said her Majesty in her most gracious speech, "in concert with the Emperor of Austria, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, and the Sultan, in measures intended to effect the *permanent* pacification of the Levant, to maintain the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire, and thereby to afford additional security for the peace of Europe." This is the aim—but to effect it, Mohammad Alee and the French people must likewise be conciliated—at least so say the men of Birmingham. And, no doubt, their wishes will receive consideration; for it is Her Majesty's "anxious desire to maintain tranquillity at Home and peace Abroad; to these Objects," she adds, "objects so essential to the interests of this country and to the general welfare of mankind, My efforts will be sincerely and unremittingly directed; and, feeling assured of your co-operation and support, I humbly rely upon the superintending care and continued protection of Divine providence."

The reader of any philosophical insight will see that it is the Law of Great Britain's present position that she harmonize and reconcile in her policy the extreme political elements of Monarchy and Revolution. To her the nations will look for the example of that compromise which they must then follow. Party warfare, therefore, must cease among us.—She cannot be at strife herself who is to preach peace to the world.

Our international policy is likely to become soon of paramount interest. The courts of Berlin and Vienna, it seems, desire that Egypt, the Pachalik of Acre, Crete and Syria should be added to the viceroy; Egypt and Acre with hereditary sovereignty, Syria and Crete for life; but Thiers, on the part of France, wishes to conclude a direct arrangement with the Pacha, under the exclusive influence of his own country. He would settle the question by an immediate agreement between Turkey and Egypt, independent of the five powers. Since the explanation of Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, the French papers have ceased to threaten war. The course of events hitherto serves, however, to show the relative positions of the different powers in relation to the East, and its relation to European government. We trust that our readers by this time have enough evidence of the correctness of the philosophic principles on which we have judged of political questions, and that now they have become of world-interest, we are in possession of the only theory that will adequately explain their phenomena.